



60¢
JULY

VOGUE

THE BIGGEST
FASHION
CHANGE
IN YEARS:
THE TAILOR
TAKES OVER

CLOTHES
AND BEAUTY
FOR THE
FASCINATING
THIRTIES

"THE WOMAN OF 30"
BY FRANÇOISE SAGAN

A ROTHSCHILD
CHÂTEAU—
AND THE POWER
OF DREAMS

AFRICA: THE NEW
GRAND TOUR

"THE NEW UPPER CLASS,
THE KIDS"
BY MARYA MANNES

ADVANCED
EDITION

AMERICA'S No. 1 SELLING SCOTCH WHISKY!

CUTTY SARK

SCOTCH WHISKY



100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
86 PROOF

*From
Scotland's Best
Distilleries*

THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION • NEW YORK, N. Y.

CREEDS
TORONTO, CANADA



Ben Kahn

150 WEST 30th STREET, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

Saga Mink . . . imported elegance from Denmark, Finland and Norway

So many good things begin with


ENKA NYLON
Yarns



RHAPSODY...so nice to come home to

Here's a quilted robe of ENKA nylon tricot that wraps you in feminine luxury from top to tip. It's soft and cuddly as a baby. Colorful and lightweight, too. And, delightfully easy care. Just wash, drip dry and put it on again—all courtesy of Enka nylon. Robe is trimmed with pleated ruching. Kodel* polyester fiberfill. Sizes: petite, small, medium, large, extra large. Candlelight ivory, boudoir pink, heavenly blue or beauty red. About \$15, at Rich's, Inc., Atlanta; F & R Lazarus Co., Columbus; Sanger's, Dallas; Dayton Co., Minneapolis; Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia; The Emporium, San Francisco. Or write American Enka Corporation, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York for nearest store.

*TM Eastman Chemical Corp.

 AMERICAN **ENKA** CORPORATION, ENKA, N. C. / PRODUCER OF NYLON • RAYON • YARNS • FIBERS

JULY, 1963

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

VOGUE

AMERICAN FRENCH BRITISH AUSTRALIAN NEW ZEALAND SOUTH AFRICAN

I.S.V.-PATCÉVITCH, President

Alexander Liberman, Editorial Director



PENN

COVER: Shift for now: Congo colours—red, yellow, blue, and black cotton—in a shape as simple as a child's cutout. Serendipity 3 makes it, sells it for about \$23, calls it the "Olive Oyl" after Popeye's girl friend. (Dress, also at I. Magnin.) Wear it in town with black gloves, patent leather sling-backs, and, by all means, add what Serendipity 3 calls a Pigeon Protector—black lacquered walking stick with a minute silk parasol at the end. The pony tail under its protection here, by Marc Sinclair of Lilly Daché. Less visible protection: Coty's breakthrough-formula for lips—a sun-filtering lipstick that prevents sunburn and windburn, cryptically named X'24'. The shade, Carefree Pink. Earrings by K.J.L. at Serendipity 3. Hansen "Complexion" gloves of double-woven Du Pont nylon, at Bloomingdale's.

FASHION

- 29 Vogue's eye view: where legs are going in the era of the tailor
- 32 Galanos hand-painted chiffon; back-blown smock
- 36 The tailor takes over—fabrics, colours, clothes that make the biggest fashion change in years
- 72 Chez-vous dressing: evenings at home with Rex Harrison; John Huston; Jason Robards, junior; Jerome Robbins; Harold Prince; Henry Fonda; Emlyn Williams; José Quintero; Glenway Wescott
- 82 Grey: day and evening looks on the new silver standard
- 98 Vogue Patterns—tailoring: beginning on paper

FEATURES/ARTICLES/PEOPLE

- 30 J.B.K.
- 32 The Woman of Thirty. By Françoise Sagan
- 46 "The New Upper Class, the Kids." By Marya Mannes
- 48 People Are Talking About...
- 49 Luchino Visconti
- 50 Visconti, the Leopard Man. By Alberto Moravia
- 56 Africa: The New Grand Tour. By Mary Roblee Henry
- 58 Mediaeval Splendour, Now in Nigeria. Photographs by Cecil Beaton
- 61 The Kabaka of Buganda Sketched by Feliks Topolski
- 64 Marchesa Sieuwke Bisleti in Kenya. By Susan Greenburg Wood
- 8 People Are Either Cats or Dogs. By Marguerite Lamkin

FASHIONS IN LIVING

- 86 Power of Dreams: Mouton, the Château of Baron and Baroness Philippe de Rothschild. By Valentine Lawford
- 102 Vogue's Own Menu: a Fête Champêtre

BEAUTY

- 30 The Fascinating Thirties
- 52 The Kenneth Club
- 68 Beauty Bulletin
- 12 Beauty Checkout

DEPARTMENTS

- 6 Vogue's Notebook: The Crystal Ball in Philadelphia
- 110 Vogue's Shop Hound
- 115 Vogue's Travelog
- 116 Vogue's School Directory

JESSICA DAVES
Editorial Advisor

VOGUE IS PUBLISHED
BY THE CONDÉ NAST
PUBLICATIONS INC.

I. S. V.-Patcévitch
President

Benjamin Bogin
Vice President

Perry L. Ruston
Vice President

Wells Drorbaugh
Vice President

Alfred W. Cook
Treasurer

Mary E. Campbell
Secretary

William S. Cox
Business Manager

Copyright © 1963 by The Condé Nast Publications Inc. All rights reserved. Printed in the U.S.A.

VOGUE INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR IS PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, EXCEPT FOR THE MONTHS OF MAY, JUNE, JULY, AND DECEMBER, WHEN IT IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY, BY THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC., 420 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, N.Y. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT, AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN U. S. AND POSSESSIONS, \$8.50 FOR ONE YEAR, \$13 FOR TWO YEARS, \$17 FOR THREE YEARS. IN CANADA, \$9.50 FOR ONE YEAR, \$15 FOR TWO YEARS, \$20 FOR THREE YEARS. ELSEWHERE, \$13.50 FOR ONE YEAR. PAYABLE IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES IN U. S. AND CANADA, 60¢. ELSEWHERE, \$1. SIX WEEKS ARE REQUIRED FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS. IN ORDERING A CHANGE, WRITE TO VOGUE, BOULDER, COLORADO. GIVE BOTH NEW AND OLD ADDRESS AS PRINTED ON LAST LABEL.

Postmaster: Send Form 3579 to Vogue, Boulder, Colorado.

Vol. 142, No. 1, Whole No. 2101

a most
extraordinary
fragrance...
now in a
new spray mist!



Travels beautifully (unbreakable, spill proof)
4.50 plus tax

CHERISHED AS ONE
OF THE WORLD'S SEVEN
GREAT FRAGRANCES

INTIMATE
BY REVLO



V Complex

...a new way of life
for my skin

When you're tired . . . tense . . . and your skin shows it—that's when you appreciate V Complex most! Created for today's woman . . . today's tempo . . . today's tense way of life, V Complex gently rouses and refreshes your skin . . . leaves it soft . . . rested . . . radiant. Fabergé started with what every woman knows—that hurry . . . worry . . . never-enough-sleep are all quickly reflected in the way her skin looks and feels. Your doctor knows it, too—and knows why. Your skin, he'll explain, is a living, working organ—a sensitive barometer of your moods . . . emotions . . . general health. And that's why V Complex was born! A remarkably to-the-point approach to skin care, V Complex is a formulation of five essentials for skin beauty: proteins . . . moisturizers . . . emollients . . . vitalizers . . . medicants. For an exhilarating new experience, smooth on V Complex Crème de V. You will discover that your skin can look rested . . . refreshed . . . soft and radiant—every day of your busy life.

The secret ingredient is daily use. That's all there is to it. Isn't it just what you've always wanted!

P.S. Thank you, too, dear Fabergé, for Ceramic Glaze—it's priceless for problem nails!

IN UGANDA: THE NEW GRAND TOUR

(Continued from page 61)

College, Cambridge, the young prince has both a Bugandan and an English name. "His Highness," said Mark Amory, "keeps Spanish hours."

Suddenly the Ministers dropped to their knees. The Kabaka had arrived. A slight imperious young man with superb Hamitic eyes and a calm smile, he was dressed in grey slacks and a grey Henry Higgins sweater over an open-necked sports shirt. The Kabaka invited us to the Royal Enclosure for drinks. On the way we stopped to greet his sister, Princess Victoria, surrounded, in her pitched tent, by ladies-in-waiting listening to jazz on a transistor.

Bottles of Scotch, vodka, gin, Schweppes, Coca-Cola, Crush, and beer were laid out on a white cloth on the floor of the small house with a servant kneeling. The Kabaka, Mark, and I sat on camp chairs, the Ministers on the matted floor. Served first, the Kabaka's whisky soda came in a crystal mug with a crocheted cover; ours were poured, well-iced, into tall glasses. Outside, the harpist plucked his rippling, muted music.

For dinner we moved back to the pavilion. As guest of honour, I sat at the right of His Highness at the long candlelit table, covered in white damask, set with gold-rimmed plates initialled with the royal "M" (his family name is Mutesa), heavy silver, and crystal champagne flutes. In white togas, servants paraded in with platters of roasted kid, *matooke*—green bananas pounded to a mash in hot banana leaves—cauliflower, spiced rice, and iced fruits, with Piper-Heidsieck.

"Are you a good shot?" the Kabaka asked, to which I had to reply honestly that my only marksmanship had been to shoot a cigarette in half at thirty feet once in the Argentine *pampa*. "If you can hit a cigarette, you can certainly hit an elephant," he said, adding, "Tomorrow the hunt starts at seven. The scouts will report at dawn on the position of the herd." Over our final glass of champagne, he warned, "If you hear lions and hyenas outside the compound, don't be

frightened, the militia is on guard all night."

I slept that night in an orange and blue French *le camping* tent. The Minister swung the lantern inside while I scanned, surreptitiously, the grey plastic floor for snakes and spiders, but found under my cot only a yellow plastic basin and pitcher of water. Although Africa is surprisingly un-buggy, I was delighted to have a baldequin of mosquito netting and was zipped three ways into the tent.

A throb of drums, the crack of campfires, voices, and harp-song came with the dawn. Better than a clock radio, I thought, feeling courageous enough to unzip the tent flap and pluck a banana from the table in the "patio." A silver teapot was there, warmed by a red calico tea

In front of the huts, women stirred saucepans of vegetables and the butcher carved raw goat on a bed of banana leaves. Prince Ronnie booted a football across the rifle range. "I like football," he said, "next year I will play at my school in England."

Back in the pavilion, the Kabaka greeted us with the news that two whuffing lions around the camp that night had frightened the elephants away. No safari, but we were to see a Buganda tribute ceremony instead.

Masses of people streamed through the gates to the royal pavilion, men in long white skirts and lounge suit jackets, women in bright prints, belted low. They carried baskets of eggs, cauliflowers, cases of Guinness's ale and Heineken's beer. Eight men had leashed goats.

MARY ROBLEE HENRY



In the safari camp, left, the Solicitor General with the Kabaka. Centre, cars under a straw shelter. Right, Prince Ronnie with Mark Heathcoat-Amory.

cosy, the cream and sugar covered with crocheted doilies. Barefoot in the stiff green grass, I sipped the hot tea, as strong, black, and bitter as any in a draughty English castle.

Land-Rovers were lined up outside with red-fezzed soldiers polishing rifles. "I hope we have better luck than last weekend," said Mark, "Lord and Lady Montagu of Beaulieu trekked twenty miles with the Kabaka without a bag." Feeling the total gaffe of my blue linen shift, I asked "What did Lady Montagu wear?" He said, "Jeans and some high-laced sneakers borrowed from Prince Ronnie."

At the back of the camp I saw ivory tusks stuffed with straw, enormous elephant ears, and one elephant foot near tall bamboo tables holding the porcelain, silver service, and goblets.

There were bottles of Haig & Haig, Martini & Rossi Vermouth, and Nuits St.-Georges Burgundy. Nearby enormous stalks of long green bananas were pyramided. As drummers and harpists beat out the music, people settled on the straw-strewn floor or outside on the grass. A sergeant yelling in English drilled the militia.

When the Kabaka appeared, all the people fell to the floor in singsongs of praise. Behind a green baize card table, His Highness listened as a large jolly gentleman presented each petitioner's case and gift. The donor made the shield and spear sign of loyalty, falling to the floor, intoning the traditional words: "*Gusinze Ssabasajja, kurungi Ssabasajja*." As the tokens were carried off, the Kabaka thanked his subjects in his soft voice.



Spanning the seasons and the hours . . .
a suit of Textured Silk shaped beautifully,
boldly buttoned, belted high.

Sizes 8-14. About \$190.

One of a complete collection designed
by Charles Cooper for

COOPER-COUTURE

At the following stores: • BONWIT TELLER—all stores • NAN DUSKIN • JOSEPH HORNE • FROST BROS.

• SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY • BULLOCK'S WILSHIRE • FREDERICK & NELSON

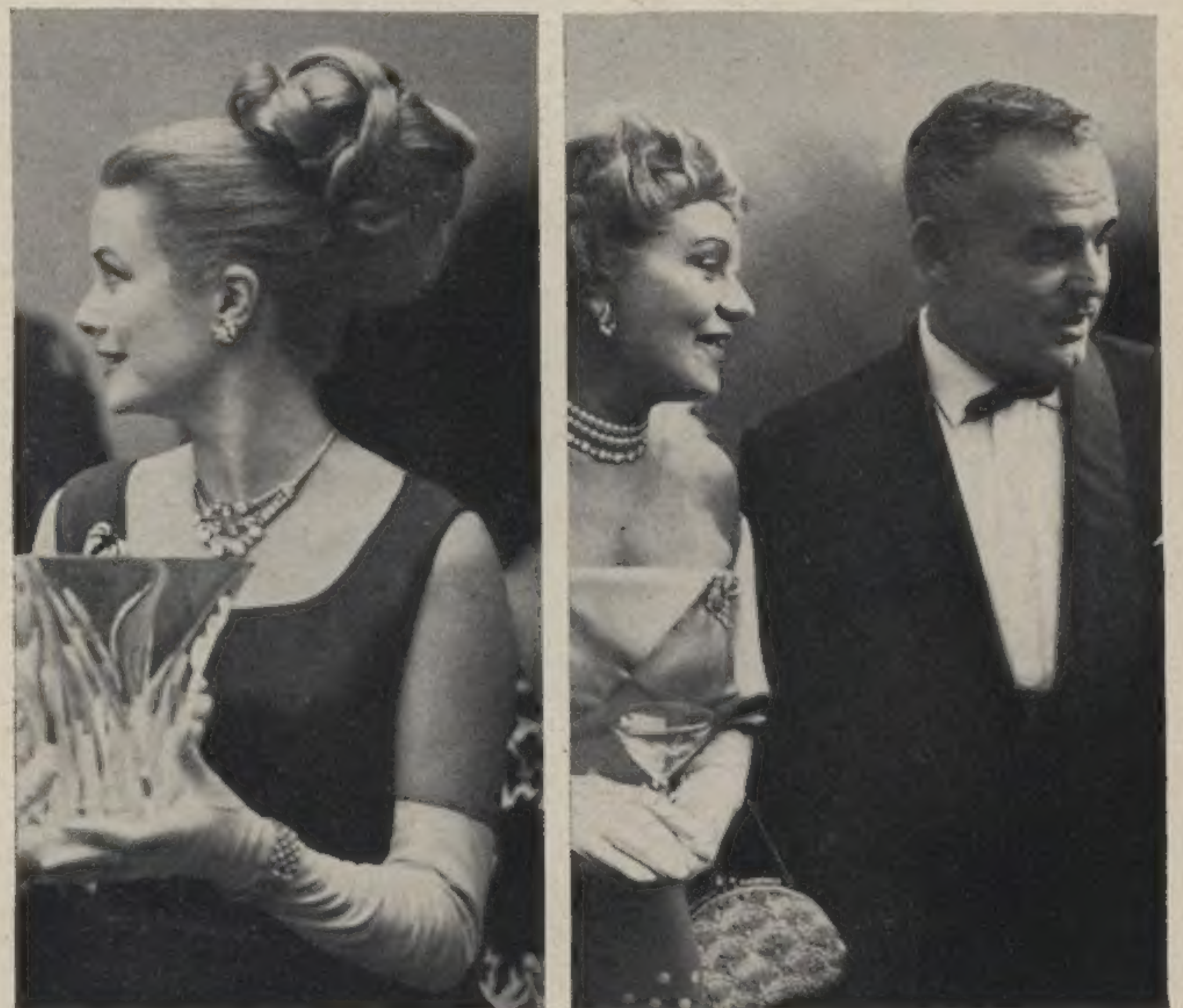
Is it proper to call for Gordon's by name in English Pubs?

It's not a matter of being proper. It's unnecessary. After 194 years, Englishmen expect Gordon's Gin. Americans have been enjoying Gordon's for a shorter period. So it is wise (and proper) to request Gordon's by name. One sip of a Gordon's martini tells why it's the biggest selling gin in England, America, the world.



PRODUCT OF U. S. A. DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN, 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 90 PROOF. GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LINDEN, N. J.

In Philadelphia, the lasting glint of the Crystal Ball



1

2

Under the crossed sabres of Pennsylvania Military College cadets, Their Serene Highnesses, the Prince and Princess of Monaco, entered the vast marble Great Hall of the Philadelphia Museum of Art for the only dance that is ever held in that museum—the Philadelphia Fashion Group's biennial Crystal Ball. Paintings by Pissarro, Cézanne, Monet, Manet, and Daumier were the background, temporarily, for feudal banners of green, orange, gold, and purple, for candles in green and orange goblets, for six hundred civic, social, and fashion captains come to honour five native sons and daughters. Two of the honoured sang at this fête: Marian Anderson, who started with the Union Baptist Choir at the age of six, and Eddie Fisher, who won a "Children's Hour" radio contest in Philadelphia at thirteen. Two Philadelphia-born designers, James Galanos and Gustave Tassell, were there to be cited for the fashion they've generated. Some of the clothes from their collections were presented by mannequins in inventive vignettes on The Great Hall's great stone stairs: one of the honoured, Princess Grace, received a Crystal Bowl, the Crystal Ball's Crystal Tribute, to glitter indefinitely in Monaco. It was a thoroughly Philadelphia evening, a Philadelphia evening of record.



*distinctive
and unusual*

CHRISTMAS CARDS

from The Metropolitan Museum of Art

★ A new catalogue of the famous Metropolitan Museum cards. Paintings from early Italian and Flemish masters to Renoir and Van Gogh, medieval tapestries and ivories, Persian manuscripts, Byzantine gold and enamels, primitive woodcuts, prints and drawings by Rembrandt, Dürer, and Tiepolo, and a festive variety of designs from ancient Greece, China, India, Japan, and pre-Inca Peru. ★ The cards, printed in limited editions under direct supervision of the Museum, cost from 5 to 95 cents each. The forty-page catalogue—which also illustrates Museum jewelry and other unusual Christmas presents—will be mailed about September first.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art

255 Gracie Station, New York 28

G 1

Please send me the Museum's catalogue of Christmas cards, 25 cents enclosed

Name _____

Address _____



3



4



5



6



7

1. With Crystal Bowl, Princess Grace of Monaco in blue silk organza. 2. Mrs. John Kelly, Princess Grace's mother, with Prince Rainier of Monaco. 3. In the fashion show, a mannequin in a Galanos two-piece white satin dress—a tunic over a long satin sheath. Her escort is a Pennsylvania Military College cadet. 4. Another mannequin; her \$7,000 Galanos dress—black lace with silver sequins, crystals, pearls—was presented to the Fashion Wing of the Philadelphia Museum of Art. 5. The Museum Great Hall. 6. Mrs. William Scranton, the wife of the Governor of Pennsylvania; Princess Grace; Miss Rubye Graham, Regional Director of the Philadelphia Fashion Group. 7. Miss Marian Anderson. 8. In the fashion show, a long Tassell dress of black silk Gazar. 9. A mannequin wearing a white cotton Tassell matelassé evening dress, carrying a golden yellow evening coat.



8



9

©THE VILLAGER INC., 1963

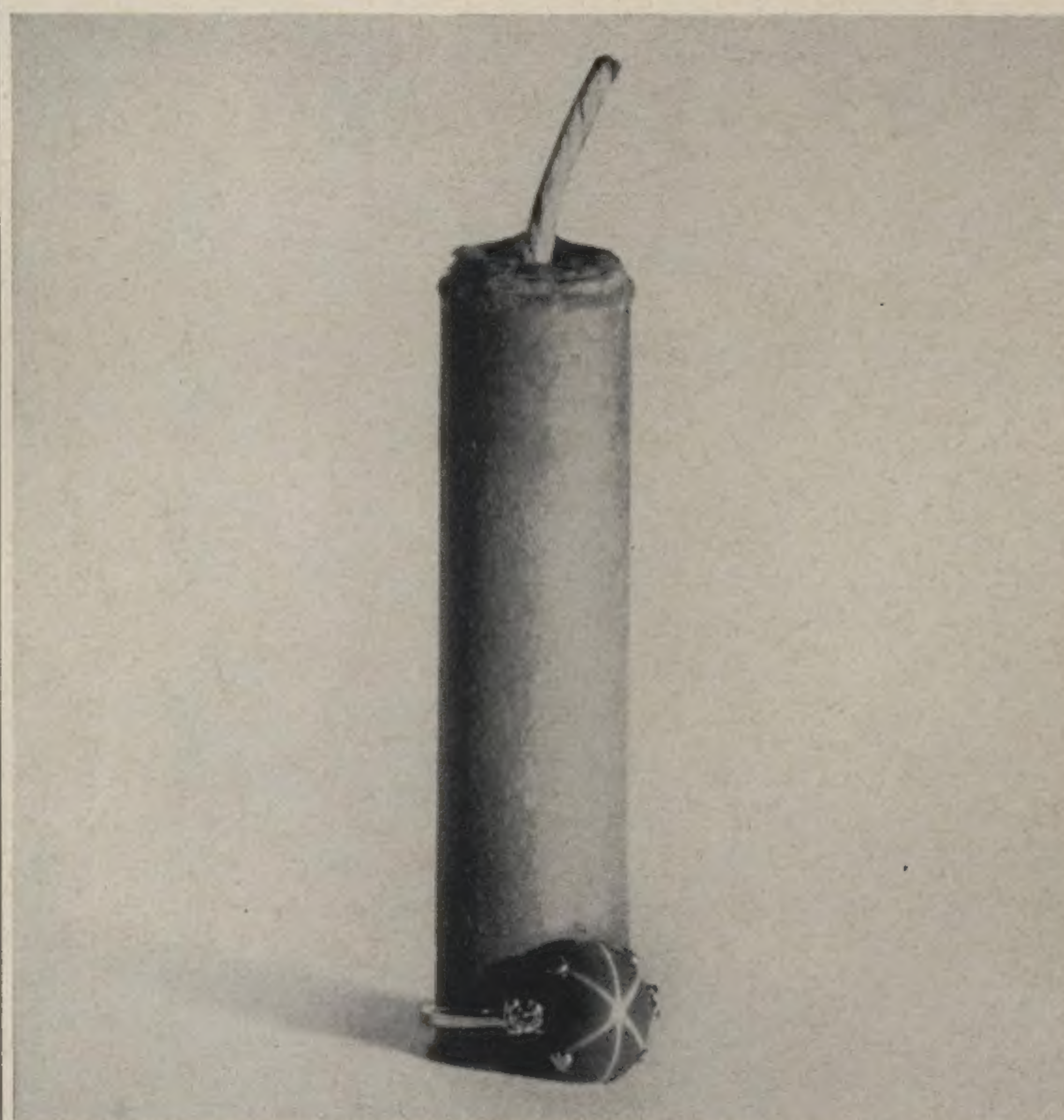


Woodgrain

The VILLAGER® shift . . . teak colored, woodgrain striped, Hoover collared. About twenty dollars at good stores and college shops.



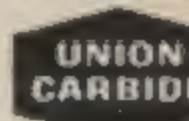
THE VILLAGER INC. • 1407 Broadway, New York



Birthstone 'Star' for July 'Linde' Star in radiant plum red . . . alive with the fiery reflections of the star that sparkles and flares from deep inside. ■ According to legend, it will bring great happiness to the owner. Ideal for the July birthday . . . for that matter, for anyone whom you wish to make happy.

BIRTHSTONE SOLITAIRE RING WITH 6 1/2 CT. STAR, ABOUT \$275

'Linde' is a trade mark of



nantucket
Knitters

tycora®

makes it light, lovely
and packable. NANTUCKET
makes it smartly fashionable
for late summer through
fall. A free waisted
sheath with a lacy
shell stitch,
scoop neckline.
In black only.
Sizes 10-20.
\$55.00



slightly higher
west of the Rockies.
*100% textured
filament Acrylic

B. ALTMAN, ALL STORES; I. MAGNIN, ALL STORES;
MARSHALL FIELD, CHICAGO;
JULIUS GARFINCKEL, WASHINGTON, D.C.

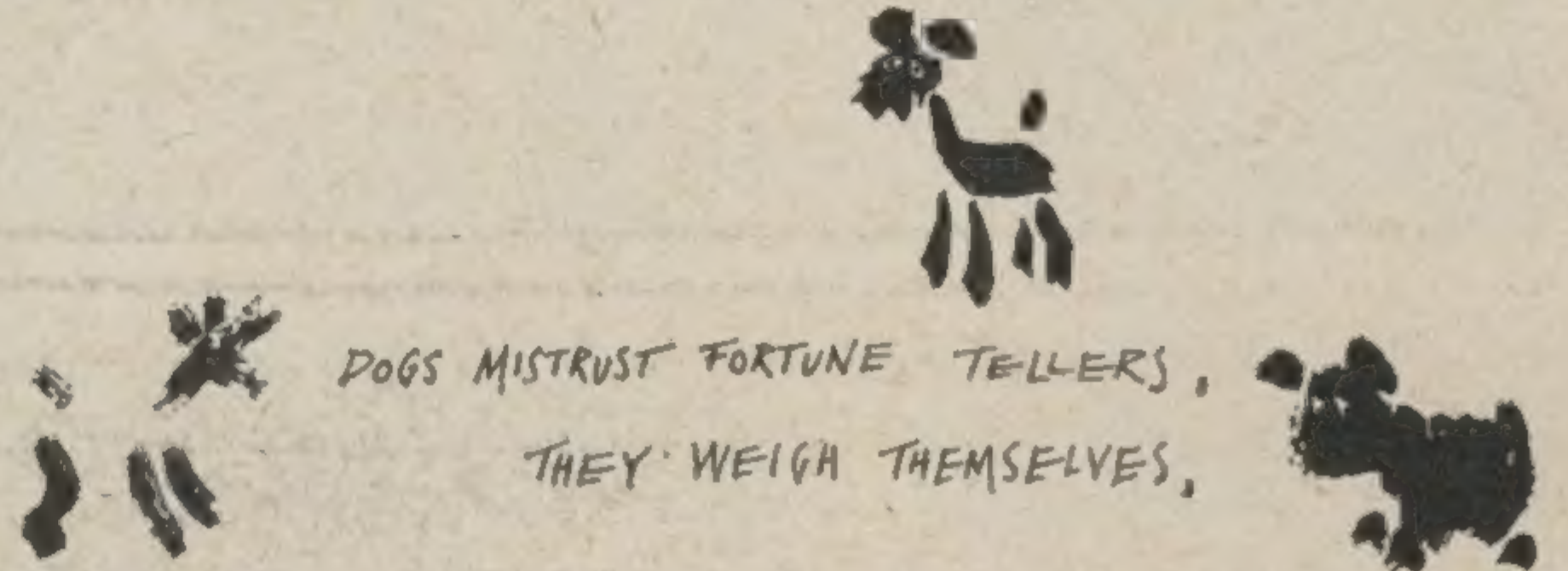
PEOPLE ARE EITHER CATS OR DOGS

With an intuitive witching stick, Marguerite Lamkin has grouped people into four categories: Tiger Cats, Pure Cats, Dog-Dogs, Pure Dogs. Dog-Dogs are more Dog than Pure Dogs. She uses simple criteria: "Dogs keep secrets. Dogs answer letters. Cats won't wait in line. A good waiter is a Dog. Good headwaiters are Cats." If she were a marriage counsellor, Miss Lamkin would do it this way: "Ideal Marriage: Cat Woman and Dog Man, but for a Safe Marriage: Two Dogs."

PEOPLE ARE EITHER CATS OR DOGS...

TAILORED IS A TIGER CAT.
SO ARE ORSON WELLES AND TOMAN CATS.
B.B. C. C. C. Z. I. — ALL PURE CATS.
CAKE BOPHE LUCE WAS BORN A CAT.
AND IS GROWING INTO A DOG DOG.
DISRAELI WAS A CAT.
MAINE IS A DOG STATE.
TENNESSEE WILLIAMS WAS BORN A DOG.
AND GREW INTO A CAT.
THE DUCHESS OF WINDSOR IS A PURE CAT.
SO IS ELIZABETH TAYLOR.
CARL SANDBURG IS A DOG POET.
THE 18TH CENTURY WAS CAT.
ARISTOTLE WAS A DOG PHILOSOPHER.
BEETHOVEN WAS A DOG COMPOSER.
FRENCH KINGS WERE CATS.
SCANDINAVIANS ARE MOSTLY DOGS.
POODLES ARE PURE CATS.
THE SWIS ARE TOO DOG FOR PURE CATS.
CAGNALL IS A CAT PAINTER.
BRAQUE IS PURE DOG.
MARLON BRANDO IS A TIGER CAT ACTOR.
LEONARD BERNSTEIN IS PURE CAT.

DOGS TELL YOU WHAT THEY HAD FOR BREAKFAST.



DOGS MISTRUST FORTUNE TELLERS,
THEY WEIGH THEMSELVES,

AND PACK WITH TISSUE PAPER.

BY MARGUERITE
LAMKIN WITH
SKETCHES BY
TONY WALTON

CATS

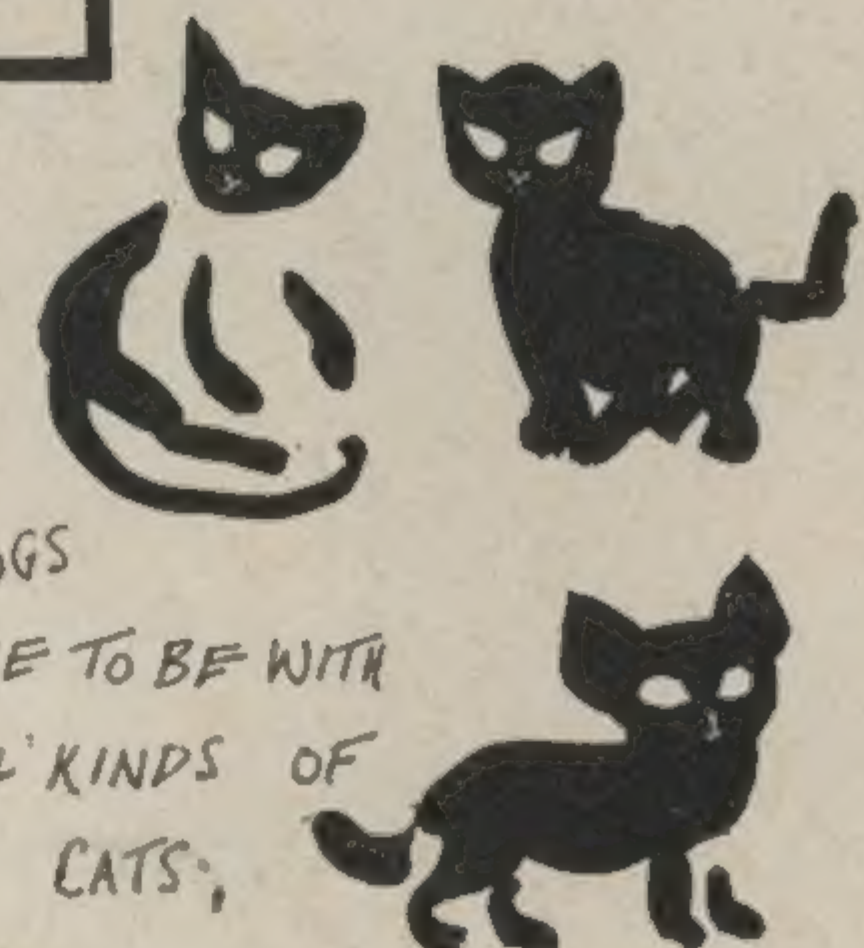


DON'T

BORDER-LINE CATS ARE
HAPPIER WITH OTHER
BORDER-LINE CATS
OR DOGS.

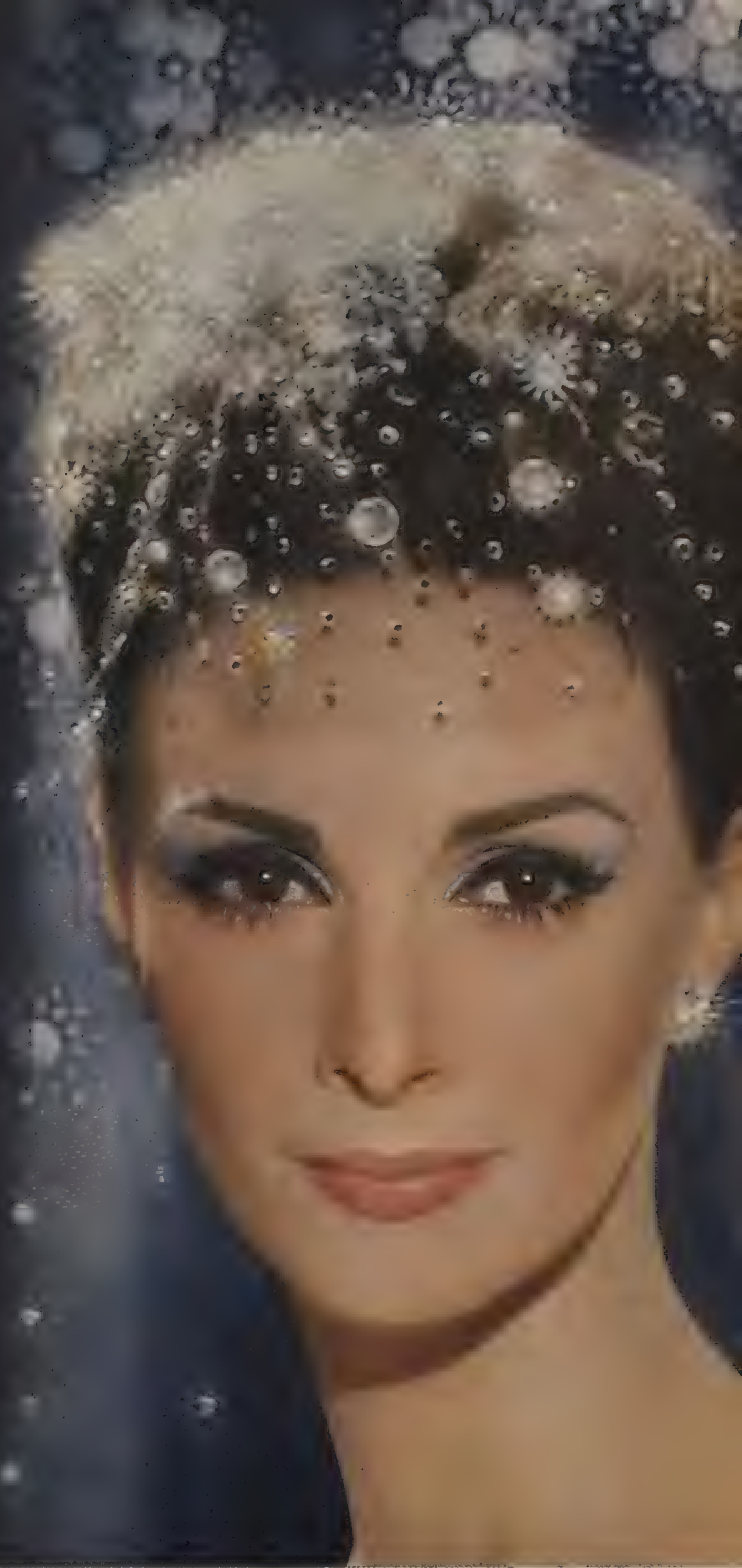


DOGS
LIKE TO BE WITH
ALL KINDS OF
CATS.



BUT RESENT BORDER-LINE DOGS ACTING LIKE CATS.

REVLON lights up
the night scene
with a never-before
evening make-up...
subtly frosted
to give your face
an exquisite, soft
shimmering look
(madly beautiful!)



© REVLON, INC. 1963

Haven't you noticed how daytime make-up looks faded (or *jaded*) under evening lights? That's why Revlon created 'Frosted Touch and Glow' *expressly for your after-five life*: the luminous liquid make-up gives your skin a soft-and-scintillant *glow*...the frosted face powder adds a pearl-and-diamond *shimmer*. Result? You're *easily* the most fascinating female in the room! (If history is made at night, this is where *you* begin!)

Revlon 'frosted touch & glow' evening make-up collection

Frosted Liquid Make-up and matching Pressed Powder in 5 scintillant complexion colors. Frosted Loose Powder in 2 shimmering translucent shades.

Vodka 80 Proof. Distilled from 100% Grain. Gilbey's Distilled London Dry Gin. 90 Proof. 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. W. & A. Gilbey, Ltd., Cin., O. Distr. by National Distillers Prod. Co.



The people who made vodka smart have now made Gilbey's the smart vodka. It imparts delightful spirit while it brings delicious smoothness to every vodka drink. This real difference is why Gilbey's Vodka is being asked for more and more. Sensibly priced, too.

VODKA COLLINS—fresh lemon juice, 1½ ozs.

Gilbey's Vodka, teaspoon of powdered sugar if desired sweet.

Shake vigorously with cracked ice. Strain into tall, chilled glass.

Fill with club soda. Garnish with lemon slice and cherry.

*Smart,
smooth,
spirited...*
Gilbey's Vodka
by the makers of Gilbey's Gin





Better Things for Better Living . . . through Chemistry Dress left: 100% "Dacron"® polyester. Dress right: Top, "Antron"® nylon; skirt, "Dacron" polyester.

love what "Dacron"® does for me

The beauty part of summer—georgette dresses with the joyous look of silk. Fresh, neat-staying. Marvelous in all the ways that count. (Left) Tucked-bodice georgette sheath. (Right) Georgette skirt combined with knit top of "Antron"® nylon. Both in caviar black or espresso brown. 8-16. Each, about \$36. At J. P. Allen Co., Atlanta; The J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit; Best & Co., Fifth Avenue, New York; City of Paris, San Francisco. By **NORMAN WIATT**

®DU PONT TRADEMARKS. DU PONT MAKES FIBERS, NOT THE FABRICS OR DRESSES SHOWN.

HATS BY MR. JOHN. GLOVES OF DU PONT NYLON BY KAYSER.

fun and fresh from California

Whatever
you
wear,

wear
it
with



The new fragrance by Yardley

BEAUTY CHECKOUT



Feel free Of the sixty-nine million pairs of sunglasses sold in the United States last year, more than quite a few were bought in two- and three-dozen lots by owners of private swimming pools who specified "unbreakable lenses" to keep on hand for guests. There was method in their magnanimousness—namely, to exert some breakage control—and now that that's been made to dawn on us, we understand the thinking behind a still other form of generosity at pool-level. The makers of Sea and Ski report a brisk trade in their famous sun-screening liquid in what we think of as a jero-boam-size container. It stands as high as a two-year-old child, can pump out enough emulsion to tan an all-summer hootenany, and has a special point: because it's a sun lotion that doesn't leave an oil slick on the pool's surface, the host is *dying* to have you help yourself.

Perfume-it-yourself While the argument rages about how many women are allergic to perfume in cosmetics (it's a gentleman-and-scholarly kind of argument to be sure; 8% of the pop. or .001%, or which lab paper do you read?), a small corps of women who couldn't care less about the whole question of allergy are quietly taking up unscented cosmetics for their own reasons; reasons we find fascinating. Their idea seems to be that if they keep the cosmetic slate clean of scent, they can then write their own perfume ticket; can wear their own perfumes devotedly from head to foot without running into dissenting scents from hair spray, face powder, whatever. Needless to say, this is not exactly what the hypo-allergenic cosmetic houses had in mind when they spent fortunes in the development of unscented products, but as a side thought, we think it's not bad. Not all hypo-allergenic products are scentless, by the way; most practitioners of this branch of cosmetics produce two crops—scented and non-scented. Ar-Ex, a deeply-respected pioneer in the field, has a wide and handsome range of both kinds; another, Almay, also has what's known as a good spread, latest extension being a non-perfumed hair spray to set, hold, and help master hair—with a minimum of skin irritation likely to result.

Beauty before Miltown How many bits and pieces that *count as cosmetics* are apt to go into the average suitcase on an average trip now? By giving every single item a separate count of one—whether it's a lipstick brush, tweezers, a velours powder puff, a bath oil—we find the total approaches thirty or forty in no time at all and calls for not only written lists but also lists of the lists. While women cheerfully take on this burden (can't seem to get enough of it in fact), the cosmetics-makers are engaged in a counter-revolution. Maybe it's just nerves on their part—but while they don't want you to take so much as one single item less along with you, they're devising ways to keep you from going crazy with the inventory. To this end, they've begun a rash of travel packages—not those big, fitted, anticipate-every-need make-up cases, but instead, squashy little plastic cases that concentrate only on the skin-care portion of your packing. This makes sense. To cleanse, moisturize, lubricate, masque, et cetera, you turn to your little case which has calmly foregathered the maintenance products you use *only* at the end or beginning of the day, and not confused these with anything else. Among the skin-care collections packaged for travel, the newest is a selected group of Revlon's Ultima treatment products (they were being poured into their plastic tubes as we went to press). . . . Also good, new, bare-bones-but-complete, is the Fluid Gold group of care products by John Robert Powers. . . . Also on our it-makes-sense list: the maintenance packages by Charles of the Ritz; one version for dry skin, one for oily. . . .

DEMONSTRATION

These beads of water show how
Princess Dial safeguards your skin – it's the
soap with moisturizing cream right in it

As you cleanse away dirt and makeup, Princess Dial's moisturizing cream works to replenish the vital oils that hold in moisture—hold out dryness. When water beads form you know that Princess Dial is helping protect your skin against dryness.



**For the woman who has been
afraid to use soap on her face**



for the lass with the delicate skin...

MORE THAN JUST GLAMOROUS LIPSTICK

New Almay Stay-Tru creamier formula lipstick, like all exquisite Almay cosmetics, is created expressly for women sensitive to certain cosmetic ingredients... Almay cosmetics have 55 known irritants screened out. That's why they're called Hypo-Allergenic... more than just glamorous make-up.

Stay-Tru lipstick is ultra-creamy...glides on, dramatizes lips with shimmering color. It's safer! Guards against cracking, peeling, burning. Eight radiant high-fashion shades. See the complete Almay line of beauty aids at better drug, department stores and cosmetic shops. Unscented, won't compete with your personal perfume. **ALMAY**



... so glamorous you have to be told they're Hypo-Allergenic.

DIVISION OF SCHIEFFELIN & CO., NEW YORK 3, N. Y.

COLOURS AND FABRICS THAT TAILOR THE NEW TOFF TURNOUT

Preview of the news on page 40



Samplings, here, of the tailor's raw materials, for the first crop of autumn clothes. What's new: smooth, dry surfaces... blonded tonalities from the wool-white to grey-to-beige spectrum... superb construction that makes for great tailoring potential, even in the airiest weaves.

1. Lattice-work wool that's porous, weightless—but firm enough to make a smashing *tailleur*. In silver—one of the best greys around. By Forstmann.

2. Lots of texture-interest here: wool-and-mohair suiting in a tweedy weave that mixes rich, nubby bands with fine, grainy ones. In *écru*; by Lesur.

3. For a snapped-up turnout, checkerboard suiting of stone and white that takes to a crash of accessories—a slouchy turtle-neck, high boots. Mohair, wool, and nylon blend. By Bellaine.

4. Wool leno, crisp and grainy, in an interesting greige tone. For a dress that's so adroitly tailored it manages to look superbly offhand. By Or de Laine.

5. The new double-knitted fabrics are wonderfully resilient, make for natural lines. Grey, flecked with white. Alamac Thalspun jersey of Orlon and wool.

6. For country swagger in the city, blond cashmere to have in two well-cut pieces—skirt plus waistcoat, for instance. Add an eggnog silk shirt, textured stockings. By Worumbo.

7. Wool-and-nylon with a bouclé texture, close, compact weave. For an overblouse dress, or a shift with dropped shoulders. In oatmeal; by Forstmann.

8. Wanted for an adventurous

greatcoat with carved bulk, raglan sleeves: double-faced coating that tailors magnificently. Bright-blond blend of camel's hair-and-worsted fleece on one side, ribbed white wool whipcord on the other. By Litex.

9. Something's happened to mohair this year. It's firmer, more manageable—a natural for suits. Here, a bold windowpane check in slate, pumice, and chalk. Wool—a bare sliver of it—is added for spine. By Colourcraft of Galashiels (sold through Chantal fabrics).

10. Another of the new double-faced coatings, so well constructed it practically shapes itself into this season's line. Silver-grey wool, very firmly twilled; backed with smooth white wool. By Moreau (sold through TSM).

11. Menswear flannel with a light touch. Worsted pinstripe, deep grey with white, for a lean, rakish suit. By Mayflower.

12. Alpaca with wool, in a diagonal weave, paper-thin. One idea—a dress with a foulard-filled collar, long cuffed sleeves. In warm beige; by Agnola.

13. Three-dimensional wool suiting, its crunchy ribs held together by a connective tissue of sheer yarns. In magnolia, a colour that's cropping up in autumn woollens. By Bellaine.

14. The colour of good champagne in a filigree of mohair crêpe jersey; just the thing for a dress in the supple, blousy genre. By Jerseycraft (sold through P. & F. Schwarz).

15. Basket weave suiting with lots of backbone; it deserves a spunky, dashing cut. Greige wool; by Anglo.



When the evening
calls for splendor,
V.O. is the vogue

The floral silk shift, by
Donald Brooks for Townley.
The whisky sour by
Seagram's V.O.

V.O. sets the fashion trend
in imported whiskies. For it is
that rarity among whiskies
in which lightness
has a brilliance of flavor.

V.O. Sour: Juice $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon,
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. sugar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. V.O.,
ice, shake well, decorate
glass with $\frac{1}{2}$ orange slice
and cherry.

Seagram's Imported VO

Known by
the company
it keeps





When
all else
fails
**TRY
MAGIC!**

...if you want
**SMALLER
HIPS**

THE MAGIC? RELAX•A•CIZOR. DETAILS ON FACING PAGE



IN VOGUE FOR MEN:

July ideas with staying power



Italian cotton chambray sport shirt for country and golf course. The collar can be worn either with a tie or open. S-XL in white with red, yellow, olive, dark or light blue stripes. Long sleeved, \$16.50; short, \$15. From Battaglia, 473 Park Ave., N. Y. 22.



For the pilot: watch and wrist navigator that has almost anything found on the instrument panel of a small plane—fuel consumption, rate of climb or descent as well as time. By Rolex. \$240 at Tourneau, 431 Madison Ave., N. Y. 22.

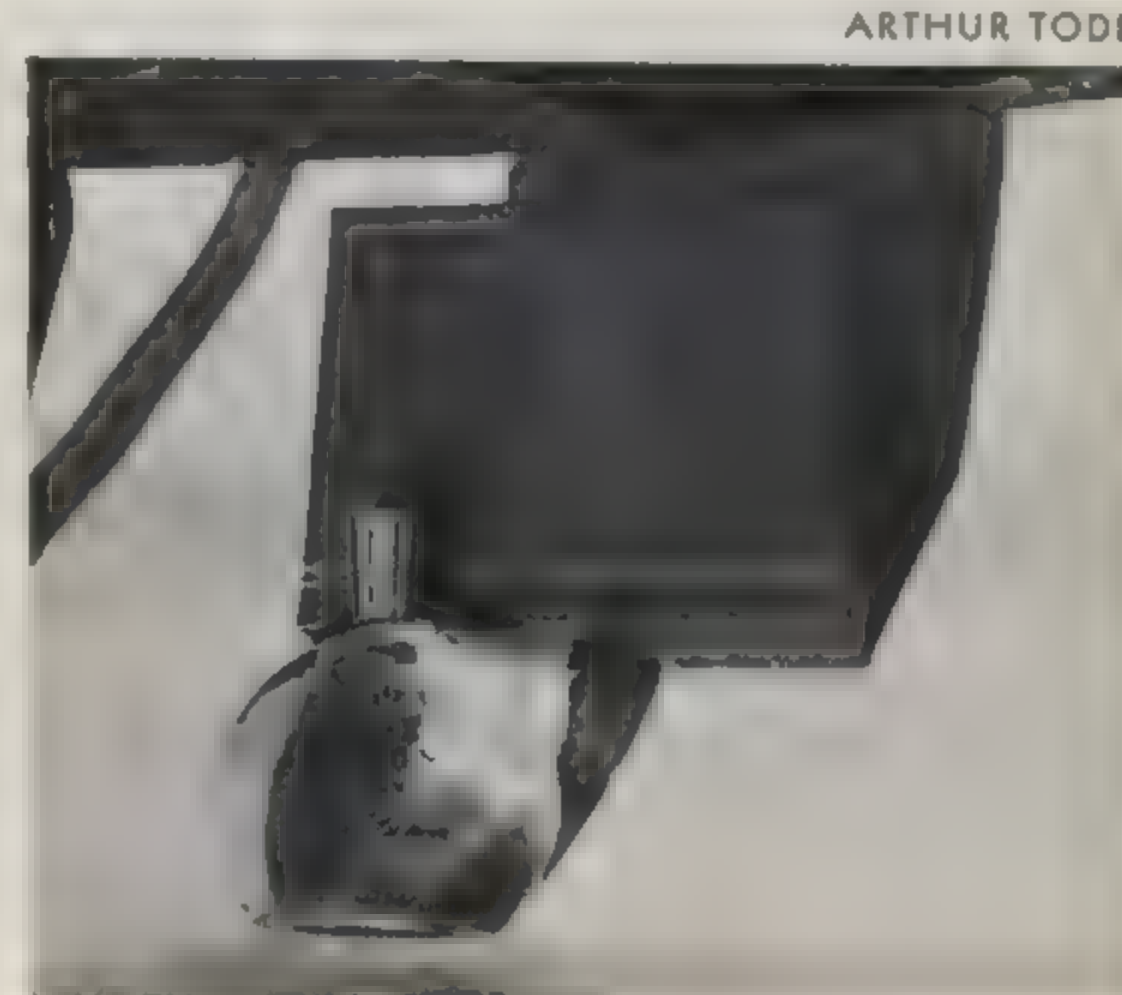


Man's leather-handled straw catchall for use through the summer and into next autumn's football games. \$7.70 ppd. Anne Davis, 347 East 55th St., N. Y. 22.



From Italy, three large cakes of pure glycerine soap by Cristall. Clear, brisk scent which might do well tucked into a shirt drawer. \$3.50 at Bergdorf Goodman, 745 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 19. Enclose \$.45 postage.

To use as a cologne or after-shave lotion, "346" Lime Lotion is crisp, citrus cooled. Developed solely for Brooks Bros. The bottle brings its own atomizer with it. \$4.40 tax inc., at Brooks Bros., 346 Madison Ave., N. Y. 17.



ARTHUR TODD

BEAUTY CHECKOUT

(Continued from page 12)

"Le Scotch Tape" The trick of using Scotch Tape as a hair-setting device has now hit Paris. Stuck on it particularly is Alexandre—at whose salon cries of "Le Scotch Tape" are heard as frequently as the celebrated call for "Mes petits ciseaux d'or." Although most American beauty salons have limited their use of Scotch Tape to the training of wispy guiches during drying-time, Alexandre has gone *fanfare* with the stuff. He Scotch-tapes great loping side curls; uses whole strips of le Scotch for the back of a nibbled haircut. . . . How does hair glazed with tape manage to dry at all? It doesn't; and that's the point. When it's being brushed out, drying is completed—and this is what gives hair a soft, unset hang (exactly what many women and some smart hairdressers are after). . . .

Legacy To one of her favourite clients going away for the summer, from a famous facial masseuse: two (2) boxes of professional Kleenex. Gold from an Inca find couldn't have been more appreciated. Difference between pro Kleenex and regular is size (dinner napkin vs. tea size); and substance (less fuzzy; stronger fibre). We only wish Kimberly-Clark, kindly millers of both kinds, would put the pro in general circulation. . . .

The house knows With the success of bath oil echoing down the corridors of time and scenting the adjacent rooms, it appears the scenting of houses is in for more attention. Quite a few new house fragrances will be along in the autumn; meanwhile, a reminder of three great greats. . . . One is Lubin Flanelles for bureau drawers. No more than two thousand women in the United States know these; if we know *them*, they'll try to keep it that way. . . . Two is Rigaud's Cyprès candle, used by some of the most delicious women in the world to scent (not only light) their houses. . . . Three is Shelley Marks Potpourri; a matchless dried-flowers-and-herbs mix, it's used for many things—newest use to us: at the back of books in bookshelves. . . .

Are bulges bothering your pretty figure? Are you "out of bounds" here and there? And you're just not the athletic type. You know because you've gone the push-up and puff route.

And, let's say that you're neither entranced with dieting . . . nor are you so much concerned with overweight as with a bulge here and a bump there.

■ **Then we say . . . when all else fails try MAGIC!** The magic we speak of has nothing to do with magic wands . . . but is, instead, more of the magic of modern science—so, really, we're being very practical.

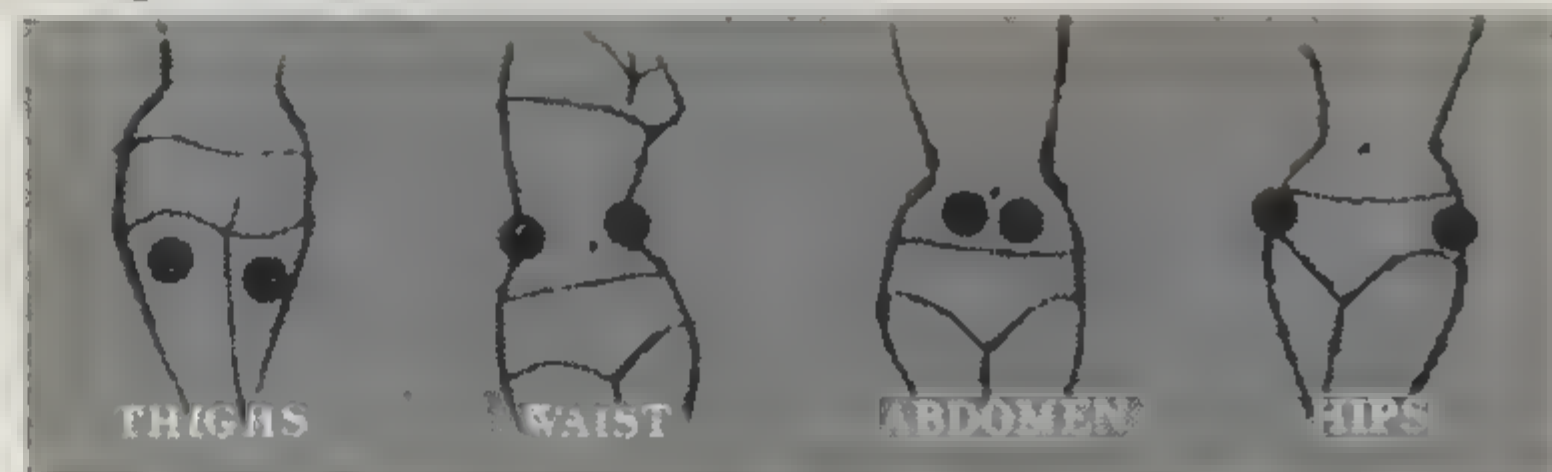
■ **If your hips are an inch or so oversize . . .** If your waistline and abdomen fill your frocks a bit too full . . . then, perhaps, we have just the magic you've been seeking.

■ **Because Relax-A-cizor is . . .** for many women . . . almost magic. It's the magic of size-reducing exercise—without a whit of wearisome work! There's no effort (you rest!) when you use your very own Relax-A-cizor to reduce the SIZE of your hips, waist, abdomen, thighs. Relax-A-cizor is used on selected, localized areas—wherever you have a figure problem. Regular use provides firming, tightening, toning exercise to reduce the size of those areas. And, Relax-A-cizor does its magic while you rest, read or watch television!

■ **So easy to use . . .** you simply place Relax-A-cizor beauty pads near selected figure areas that lack tone due to lack of exercise, turn a dial and, presto, you are doing your beauty-exercises! The less your muscle tone . . . the greater the size loss!

■ **Just a few of our famous users:** Doris Day, Eleanor Powell, Jolie Gabor, Lisa Ferraday, Patrice Munsel, Hildegard, Lola Albright, Helen Grayco and Helen O'Connell.

■ **FREE FACT FILLED BROCHURE** tells of the reducing methods that DO and DON'T work. It's yours for the asking . . . "FIGURE IMPROVEMENT AND FACIAL CARE." Simply mail the free offer coupon today!



NEW YORK, N.Y., 711 Fifth Ave., MU 8-4690/CHICAGO, ILL., 17 N. State St., Suite 800, ST 2-5680/LOS ANGELES, CALIF., 980 North La Cienega, OL 5-8000/TORONTO, ONTARIO, 57 Bloor St. W., Suite 316

RelaxAcizor

RELAX-A-CIZOR, Dept. 20-610
980 N. La Cienega Blvd., Los Angeles 54, Calif.

Rush "FIGURE IMPROVEMENT AND FACIAL CARE" without any obligation or cost. Send in plain envelope.

☐ MRS. ☐ MISS ☐ MR.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

ZONE _____

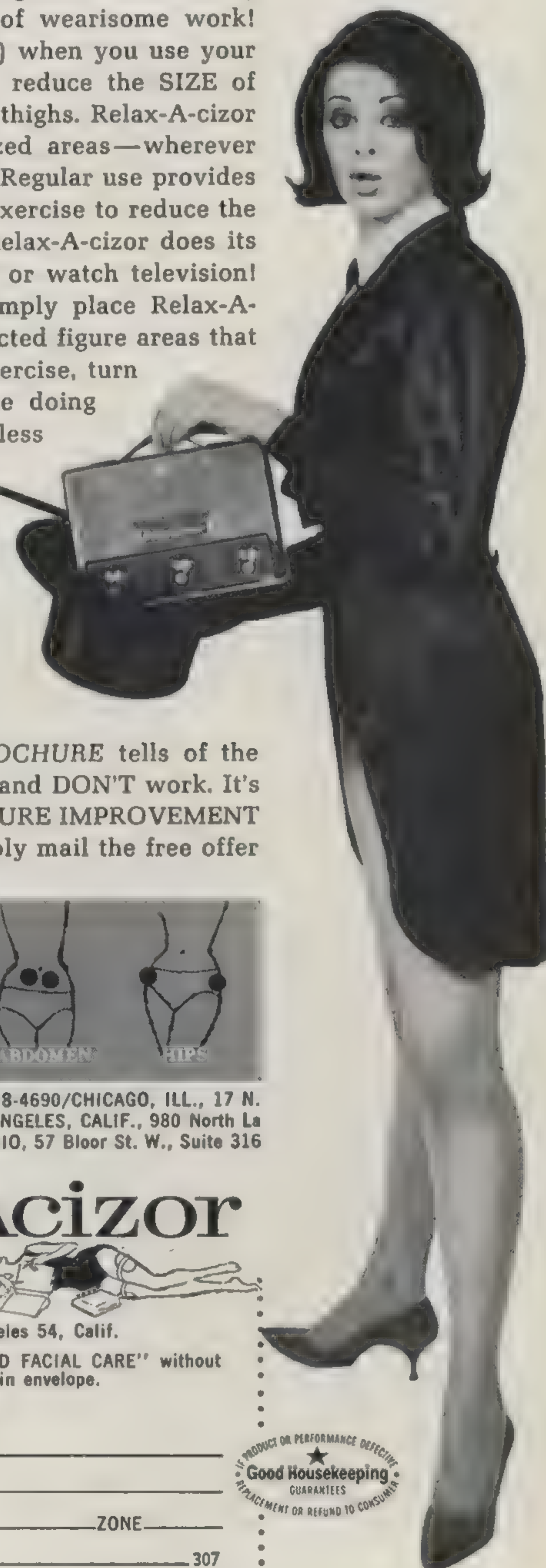
STATE _____

307



When
all else
fails
**TRY
MAGIC!**

...if you want
**SMALLER
HIPS**



Geoffrey Beene believes in a golden bronze, believes too in the supple, butter-soft lightness that Celanese acetate gives this crepe. Low and lovely in back, fluid, finished with a tiny train. Designed for A. Fetterman in Chardon-Marché's acetate and rayon crepe. Sizes 6-12. About \$180 at Bonwit Teller, New York; J. P. Allen Co., Atlanta; The Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland; Neiman-Marcus, Texas; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington.



The ultimate in crepes

Estevez likes the look of warm walnut in a sleek crepe sheath, accented with fabric roses. He chooses crepe with Celanese acetate, the beauty fiber, for its sure and supple grace. Gown of Wahnetah's acetate and rayon crepe. Also green, or black. Sizes 8-16. About \$145 at Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.; Bramson's, Chicago; Joseph Magnin Co., California and Nevada; Montaldo's, all stores; Doop's, New Jersey; Neiman-Marcus, Texas.



The ultimate in fibers, *Celanese* acetate

Ellen Brooke loves cream and espresso for exciting variations in crepe. Ribbed middy, pleated skirt, aqua shell. This is crepe of wondrous texture. Why? It's made with Celanese acetate. Designed for Sportswear Couture in Jacques Maisch's acetate and rayon crepe. 6-16. About \$125 at Lord & Taylor, N.Y.; L. S. Ayres & Co., Indianapolis; The J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit; I. Magnin & Co., West Coast; Neiman-Marcus, Texas.



The ultimate in crepes

Herbert Sondheim wants the suppleness Celanese acetate puts into crepe, prefers it in dramatic deep brown. Only such a crepe could make the sleeves flow so gracefully into the butterfly back. Designed by Bruno in Jacques Maisch's rayon and acetate crepe. Also black, navy. 8-18. About \$100 at Lord & Taylor, N. Y.; L. S. Ayres & Co., Indianapolis; Joseph Magnin Co., Calif. and Nevada; Rich's, Atlanta; Sakowitz, Houston.



The ultimate in fibers, *Celanese* acetate

Robert Sloan chooses crepe in almond and milk chocolate. Celanese acetate, the beauty fiber, gives lightness to the blouse, full body to the satin-back crepe skirt. Designed by Sylvia de Gay in Chardon-Marché's acetate and rayon crepe. 6-16. Shirt: about \$23. Skirt: about \$35. At Bergdorf Goodman, N. Y.; L. S. Ayres & Co., Indianapolis; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Wash.; Gidding Jenny Co., Cinn.; The J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit.



The ultimate in crepes,

Teal Traina likes the richness Celanese acetate gives this full bodied crepe. The deep mahogany highlights the drama of his svelte theatre suit. Note the new twilight length, the man-tailored jacket. Onondaga's rayon and acetate crepe. Also white, black. Sizes 6-14. About \$200 at Bonwit Teller, N.Y.; The Halle Bros. Co., Cleve.; I. Magnin & Co., West Coast; Neiman-Marcus, Texas; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington.

CELANESE®



The ultimate in fibers, *Celanese* acetate



**This morning...
she played tennis, swam, shopped.**



**Same girl!...and she still hasn't been
to her hairdresser**

She's the lady in the Fashion Tress Wig. She's everything a woman wants to be. She buys by the label. That's why she chose Fashion Tress, the world's recognized leader in fashion wigs. Priced under \$200, imported from France. Made from 100% human hair. Swim at 8, dine at 9 and no one will know you're wearing a wig. Summer means sun and water playing havoc with your hair. Your summer wardrobe should include Fashion Tress Wigs. Sold at most good Beauty Salons.

FASHION TRESS INC.

If your salon doesn't carry Fashion Tress Wigs, contact us for the address of the nearest dealer.

1900 Purdy Avenue, Miami Beach, Florida, Paris, France • New York, N.Y.

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

VOGUE

420 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

DIANA VREELAND
Editor-in-Chief

Associate Editor
ALLENE TALMEY

Art Director
PRISCILLA PECK

Managing Editor
ROSEMARY BLACKMON

Beauty and Special Projects Editor
CAROL PHILLIPS

Senior Editors:
MARGARET CASE
BABS SIMPSON, Fashion
NICOLAS DE GUNZBURG, Fashion
KATE LLOYD
ALISON HARWOOD, Fashions in Living
DESPINA MESSINESI, Travel
KATHRYNE HAYS, Shoes and Stockings
MARGARET INGERSOLL, Fabrics
CARRIE DONOVAN

Fashion Editors:
CHESBROUGH RAYNER
LOUISE SAVITT
BETTY RHINEHART, Accessories
MARY KRUMING
GLORIA SCHIFF
JANE PATRICK, Lingerie and Shop Hound
MARIE-PIERRE COLLE
ELEANORE PHILLIPS, Los Angeles
SUSAN TRAIN, Paris
CONSUELO CRESPI, Rome

Assistant to the Editor-in-Chief:
GRACE MIRABELLA

Beauty:
MEG MUNDY

Fashion Copy:
EDITH LOEW GROSS, Editor
LYDIA McCLEAN
MARY KLEVE

Feature Associates:
JOAN DIDION
MARY ROBLEE HENRY
JEAN PIERSON
AFDERA FONDA

Fashions in Living Associate:
JACQUELINE GONNET

Contributing Editors:
MILICENT FENWICK
TATIANA McKENNA
THOMAS W. PHIPPS
CANDACE VAN ALEN
DOROTHEA WALKER
MAB WILSON
NANCY GRACE
MARION DONOVAN

Copy Executives:
JEANNE BALLOT
ANNIS BRADSHAW

Art Department:
G. WOODFORD PRATT
EDMUND WINFIELD
GERALD SLATER
CAROL KNOBLOCH
NICHOLAS HASLAM

BRITISH VOGUE
Editor: Ailsa Garland
Chairman: Harry W. Yoxall
Managing Director: Reginald A. F. Williams
Vogue House, Hanover Square, London, W. 1

FRENCH VOGUE
Editor: Edmonde Charles-Roux
General Manager: Henry Bertrand
4 Place du Palais Bourbon, Paris 7

AUSTRALIAN VOGUE
Editor: Sheila Scotter
General Manager: Bernard H. Leser
49 Clarence Street, Sydney

EDWIN F. RUSSELL
Publisher

Executive Editor
MILDRED MORTON

Promotion:
MARY JANE POOL, Director
CAROL HARVEY
ROBERT WALKER
LOUIS THAYER
MALCOLM MANSFIELD

Fashion Merchandising:
DOROTHY PARK, Editor
GRACE VAN DYKE

Advertising Director:
ROBERT J. LAPHAM

Advertising Manager:
RICHARD A. SHORTWAY

NEW ENGLAND OFFICE:
Robert Brennecke,
Manager
Statler Building,
Boston 16, Mass.

WESTERN OFFICE:
Donald H. Koehler,
Manager
65 East South Water Street,
Chicago 1, Ill.

PACIFIC COAST OFFICE:
John Brunelle,
Manager
3921 Wilshire Blvd.,
Los Angeles 5, Cal.

MITCHUM

A TRUSTWORTHY 50-YEAR-OLD LABORATORY DEDICATED TO CREATIVE COSMETICS

For hands that need special care—*if they are to look smooth, young and blemish free*



more moisturizing
more lubricating
and it fades weathered brown spots

Dry, shiny skin—weathered dark spots on the surface of your hands—tell the world you're growing old, perhaps before you really are. Now there is a hand cream developed specially to make such hands look younger *in a way no other kind of cream can*. Called Esoterica, it softens and smooths dry, shiny hands, even fades "age-spots." Contains active medication to break up dark pigment, to soothe roughened skin. It moisturizes away dryness, flakiness, and

that shiny parchment-like look. For those who need special care—if hands are to look smooth, young and blemish-free. *More* moisturizing. *More* lubricating and it fades weathered brown spots. Pleasantly greaseless and fragrant. Start using Esoterica today to fade "age-spots," to have younger-looking hands. \$2.00-\$4.00 plus tax.

ESOTERICA *by Mitchum*



BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING... THROUGH CHEMISTRY

COSTUME SHOWN: 65% "DACRON"* POLYESTER AND 35% COTTON.

DU PONT RECOMMENDS 65% OR MORE "DACRON" WITH COTTON.

LOVE WHAT "DACRON"® DOES FOR ME

The costume. Square little jacket over spare little dress—clearly aimed at taking summer, travel, anything in its stride. Cool. Fresh. And stays fresh. Why? Because there's 65% "Dacron" in the blend. Blue, brown, grey, red, green. 10-18. About \$45. Chas. A. Stevens & Co., Chicago; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati; The Halle Bros. Co., Cleve.; B. Altman & Co., Fifth Ave., N.Y. & branches; John Wanamaker, Phila.; Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis. By **ROBERT LEONARD**

*DU PONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK. DU PONT MAKES FIBERS, NOT THE FABRIC OR FASHIONS SHOWN. HAT BY SALLY VICTOR. GLOVES OF DU PONT NYLON BY HANSEN.

VERSATILE, TRIM, TRAVEL-RIGHT

JULY, 1963

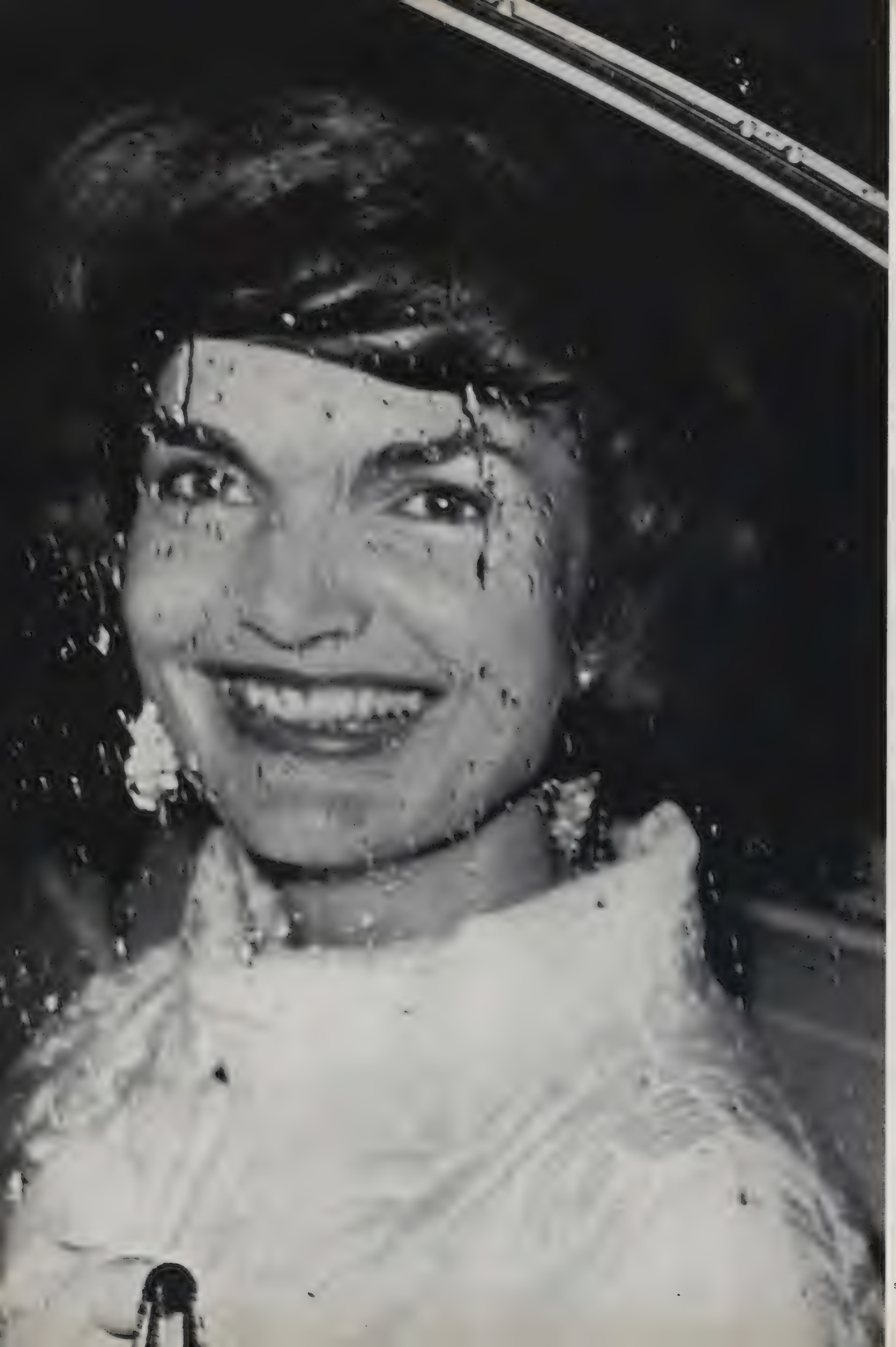
VOGUE's

EYE VIEW



WHERE LEGS ARE GOING IN THE ERA OF THE TAILOR

Why illustrate tailoring with a photograph of a ballerina in knitted leg-warmers? Simple: this is the tailor's era. It takes panache and allure to project it. And it moves, moves, moves on long, supple, splendidly-dressed legs. The tailor cuts the great shapes—the *dégagé* tops, the raglan sleeves, the rounded collars. You add: everything—superb carriage...a good long line of neck above the perfect tailor-collars, big scarfs, turtlenecks...and sensational legs. Put those legs in marvellous stockings...textured stockings, pale blue, pale and bright pink, taupe, brown...cable-knit socks just above or below the knee. Zip a pair of natural duck gaiters over ghillies—brown, polished, sturdy. As for the leg-warmers above: dancers practise in them...you might just give them a whirl under tall suède boots. Very cosy. Demonstrating them here, *in situ*, Allegra Kent, the enchanting young star of the New York City Ballet. Warmers hand-knitted by Constance Montague. To order at Henri Bendel. Coiffure: Enrico Caruso.



THE FASCINATING THIRTIES THE WOMAN ON THE THRESHOLD OF PERSONALITY

It's when a woman is thirty—give or take a few years—that she comes at last into her personality. Her hour has struck. From then on begin the magnificent years, the beginning of youth with its frustrations and crotchets drained away—the nerves, suspense, suffocation finally gone. In that “soft green meadow” of time, a woman emerges from the dream enclosing her, into an era of equanimity and realism. Her interests open. Her tastes connect in a new way; they relate to the human record, she begins to sense, and she lives with a new perception of the rôle of vividness.

Whenever her thirties come to her, she knows she's on the crest of the great wave when she begins to use her life with polish and assurance. Somewhere around thirty, communications improve. At thirty and on, a woman is ready to have good friends of all ages, and on her must-list is dignity: owed and paid by her *especially* to the old and young. When she's thirty or so, not only have men begun to like her, she has begun to like them, to enjoy them as they are—and they know this instantly.

In her thirties a woman learns the trick of summoning detachment. She reads her looks for more than surface meaning. She is at last out of hearing distance of the voice of adolescence that told her she could never be happy wearing that nose through life... or those ears... or that jawline. Somewhere in the thirties the hey-day of the strong feature begins, and at some point in those years a woman who'd thought a good deal about having an overpowering nose rearranged but never got to it, thanks God she didn't. It has more than size, now; it has style.

At thirty, her body is probably more beautiful than it was at eighteen; she is apt to be stronger and more exuberantly healthy. At thirty and for the next thirty years, she works

at being toned up, tuned up—and she builds her physical resources as she goes along. Somewhere in her thirties a woman learns to meet routine and meet it with pleasure. She also finds that in routine there is a secret syllogism: she will now support routine, knowing that it will in turn support her when the going is rough—its even pace can provide one mechanism for coping with anguish.

In America, thirty is a far more sophisticated experience than it used to be. In America—and to some degree in Europe—young women plunge into the world more strenuously and at an earlier age than their mothers did. Because their intellectual make-up is what it is, thirty-year-olds today have realized they must know the world to face the world; must have rested their eyes on beauty to know beauty. They learn more; go more places, meet more people, collect more impressions; speak more languages. Above all, they have enough knowledge of the world by now to know that the burden of adjusting to people is theirs.

In dealing with her looks, the woman of thirty becomes not merely an adequate technician, she becomes a craftsman—and the difference, as Robert Graves once pointed out, is that craftsmanship has magic to it; “other craftsmen know this and they recognize one another.”

At thirty, a woman is no longer a collection of scattered admirations arranged in *découpage*. At thirty she can begin to be what she dreamed she could be. At thirty she knows what the teen years were meant for: a preparation for something fascinating to come. She needed those early years, and she needed the dream stage of adolescence. As one of the great creatures of our century has said: “Glory only comes to those who have dreamed of it.”

J.B.K.

The time was right for her, no doubt about that. We wanted to grow up. She came along, and suddenly we forgot about *the American girl*—that improbably golden never-never child who roved through the world's imagination with a tennis racket, an unmarred make-up, and some spotty phrase-book French—and fell in love instead with *the American woman*, a creature possessed of thoughtful responsibility, a healthy predilection for the good and the beautiful and the expensive, and a gift for moving through the world aware of its difficulties, its possibilities, its large and small joys—the kind of American woman who at her best can be, as Henry James once said, “heiress to all the ages.”... This particular American woman will celebrate her thirty-fourth birthday this summer in the bayberry salt air of Cape Cod—and if, at her birthday dinner, corn on the cob is served, she will eat it without thought that in her pleasure a little lipstick may smear.



CHIFFON,
FRESHLY PAINTED

PENN

THE WOMAN OF 30

BY FRANÇOISE SAGAN

Except when I was five, when it was decided all of a sudden to send me to school, I have all my life thought that the age I was was the ideal age. Ideal at fifteen to discover literature without being involved with adult lives that seem to be highly exaggerated, ideal at eighteen for me to get involved in these adult lives, ideal at twenty-five to seem to have had enough of them. And now the thirties catching up with me with great strides—ideal to make the point that all women of my age are delighted with their own age: Brigitte Bardot is prettier than she was five years ago, Mrs. Kennedy even more the First Lady of the U.S.A., and so on for others.

Between twenty and thirty there develops in a woman's life a long period that I would call summer. In it one feels obliged to burn: one is ceaselessly told that these are the best years of life and that in ten years it won't be the same thing—another nonsense. These are ten hard years in which one commits excesses, one could even say out of human decency: one gets married, one falls in love, one works, one reflects on the meaning of life—and I don't list everything. At the end of this military service, if I may be forgiven the expression, one suddenly finds oneself demobilized: at last spring is here, the charming spring of the thirties: one doesn't get married any more except for precise reasons, love is also and above all a pleasure, and one discovers ways of living—material and moral—that are much less tiring.

Before us stretches out a green and soft meadow that gently leads us to the forties with all necessary and possible considerations. First of all, men will find it very much harder to make us suffer and this is not unimportant and they know it. From burning enemies too much loved during our twenties, they become tender accomplices (vaguely dangerous just the same, one must say) of our thirties. Our weapons, they salute in passing: this slight wrinkle in the corner of the mouth that annoys us in front of our mirror, men know that it is the scar of another love, a great love, and that it will prevent us from throwing ourselves out of the window for them or from following them blindly in their whims (nevertheless, touch wood). Our smile, slightly absent-minded sometimes when they are talking, may exasperate at the same time it reassures them that in case of boredom they would have a quiet shoulder in the evening and not the pointed and over-nervous (Continued on next page)

SCROLLED CHIFFON, left, for midsummer dining, to wear with a big hat, pearls, and all the confidence in the world—an I-wear-it-and-I'm-glad spirit not usually found in a woman shy of the thirties. The dress, white over grey, its pearly shadings hand-painted in black scrolls that curl, near the hem, into arabesques. Black Swiss organdie hat, chin-tied. Both by Galanos. Dress, of Bianchini silk chiffon, and hat, at Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Pearl-coloured necklaces and pendant by Judith McCann. Black kidskin gloves by Shalimar.

THE WOMAN OF 30

shoulder of a young girl who wants to speak "of feelings." Men become more respectful and more casual, as if tamed. It's not loving friendship but friendly love. And it is not without great delights.

Finally at thirty comes the supremely pleasant age toward which one can look enthusiastically as if one had eyes in the back and front. One rests one's head on one's past and it is well stuffed there where adventures, books, and children swarm. One closes one's eyes, one's conscience at rest. When one reopens them one sees a pleasant future in which adventures, children, books also swarm. Fatigue and enthusiasm combine to create a gentle music, double bass and flute, while waiting for the grand violins of a hypothetical passion that one barely hopes for.

I can not imagine a happier age. Perhaps the forties, obviously, but I have to wait to be there to discover that in the thirties it wasn't right at all and that I understood nothing about the charms of existence. As one knows, the woman of thirty was defended by Balzac in terms too pleasant for me not to quote: "At only a certain age the certain chosen women are the only ones who know how to give language to their attitude. Only at thirty, a woman . . . knows how to laugh, joke, be moved without being involved. She possesses then the necessary tact to touch in a man all the sensitive chords and to study the sound that she brings out. Her silence is as dangerous as her words." Certain women whom I know lament their lost years when they were eighteen while they dress up in pleated plaid skirts and wear pony tails; they should re-read Balzac. They would come out of this reading dressed in strass and black pearls, delighted with themselves. The older men will teach them all they know and they will teach younger men what they themselves know.

By a lucky chance, the generation that follows us has a cool head and long teeth. The young girl of eighteen, the one right now, with few exceptions, has built an armour around her soul. At eighteen we were coming out of books and mother's skirt. We were tender and one does not lose easily the habit of tenderness. The gallant knights of today, the ones who have the feeling for protection, know that they could not exercise it over these green and independent fruits, the young girls of 1963.

What these knights can protect at their leisure are the women of thirty in whom they will love the perishable aspect and whom they will always be afraid to have to leave—unless it is the women who will leave them, with great gentleness. We will give them the delicious confession of our weakness—"I am no longer twenty, you know—Yes, I have loved X a great deal, I was very young." The men will become tender, they will sink gently into our past, moved, thoughtful, without noticing that in our present life we are triumphantly carefree. There is no weakness which, well used, does not become a force.

FLOATING SMOCK, right, crisp and blowy, like a cloudless blue duster filled with air; worn with a level chin-strapped hat of black Swiss organdie. Unexpected, amusing . . . takes the touch of thirty to project it just this way. The front is straight-cut, stays near the figure; the back is biased, breezy. Full sleeves are set at low shoulders. Of Staron's Etaminou of Fibranne. This and the hat, by Galanos. Hattie Carnegie earrings and pin. All: Bergdorf Goodman. Smock: Nan Duskin; Dayton's; I. Magnin.



AIRY SMOCK—
SHAPED FRONT,
BLOWN BACK



TOFF TURNOUT:
TAILOR'S RAINCOAT,
CHIN STRAP,
TEXTURED STOCKINGS,
GAITERS, GHILLIES

the tailor takes over



We said it in January: the era of the tailor is on its way in. We say now: the era of the tailor is *here*...you're living in it. Call it *dégagé*, *sport de luxe*, whatever—Vogue's mark-our-words advice is: live it to the hilt. Live it in the city with miles of leggy country dash...textured stockings—pale blue, pale pink, all the browns...crack ghillies...tall boots...white duck gaiters, like the Scots Guards'. Wear brimmy chin-strapped Anzac hats...melon hats with small roll-back brims...turtlenecks...foulards...pigskin gloves...ribbed wool gloves. Feel its spirit: swash, spunky, correct...this is pure toff turnout, in the manner of Raglan, of Cardigan, in the manner of every British officer who ever knocked the stuffing out of his cap and called it a Gorbliney. Twig the signatures: the superb tailor's fabrics—double-faced twills, coverts, meltons, thick strong tweeds...the melding tonalities—wool-white, blond camel, greige, fawn, silver grey, pumice, stone. Recognize the details: the complex of seams...coat-fronts seamed closer to the body...welting...extended shoulders...roundness...shoulder straps...shirt-front tabs...pockets and collars "worked out" like sculptor's clay—carved, sloped, sewn *à la main*...the triangular inner yoke across the back that determines "hang"—a word that means to clothes what muscle tone means to the human body. Learn a little tailor talk: proper buttonholes are "hand-felled"...linings are hand-felled to the shell of the coat...cut on the bias, a haircloth liner called "Hymo" will cause a collar to roll with *esprit*, will give curve to sleeves, roundness to shape. Know that from paper pattern, to muslin toile, to cloth test-shape—great tailoring is endless ripping and revising...and steaming, steaming, steaming. Each section, each seam, each pocket, each collar—soft pressed, hard pressed, dry steamed, and finished with a hundred pounds of wet-steam pressure. This is tailoring—difficult, painstaking. And worth it...it's the quintessence of the most profound fashion change in years.

The tailor's era—to the life: Magnificent raincoat, left, right...stone-brown cotton covert, rounded, funnel-necked. Give it the works: textured stockings; gaiters; ghillies; strapped Anzac. Coat by Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner, Prudhomme fabric. Tatiana hat. Francessa stockings. Fuchs gloves. All: Saks Fifth Avenue. The coat, also at Rich's; L. S. Ayres; Neiman-Marcus. Stanley Philipson gaiters: Andrew Geller.

**THE TAILOR CALLS THE SHOTS:
TWEED AND CORDUROY,
KNITTED STOCKINGS, LEATHER,
CRASH OF BLUE SILK**

It's more than just a new look for town that's swept fashion. It's a new life—full of swash, and non-chalance, and the ring of real authority. Smacks of intelligence—on the part of the tailor who turns it out . . . on the part of the woman who pulls it off with wit and allure. Great life. Great fashion—look right for example. . . . Raglan-sleeved tweed suit in tones of mushroom-greige; deeper cotton corduroy overblouse; pale cable-knit stockings worn with sturdy, well-polished shoes. Like a bolt out of the blue—just that: a brilliant-blue silk scarf tossed on like a lasso. Blond pigskin are the gloves wanted here—and loose, swingy hair looks wonderful under a soft velours brim. Suit, by David Kidd for Jablow, a blend of wool, Orlon, and cotton (Anglo fabric); about \$250. Fuchs gloves. Both: Saks Fifth Avenue. Suit: Gus Mayer; Neiman-Marcus; Best's Apparel. John Frederics hat. Life Stride shoes. Adler stockings: Lord & Taylor. Perfume that applies in a tailor'sera: Yardley's Bond Street.









This is a shirtdress for now...the collar is perfect—round, welted, tabbed. The shape, like a peasant's smock—full, neatly set-in sleeves; shiny leather rouleau giving just the right degree of blousing. Have with it: this era's point of view... show a gloss of bangs under an oyster-white hat...pin a huge clump of dazzle right at the edge of the shoulder...have the wit to wear it in the city with brown country stockings and knee-high black suède boots. Dress, by Charles Cooper of brown and black silk tweed (Onondaga fabric) about \$90; black kidskin gloves by Viola Weinberger. Stockings by Francessa. All, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress, also at Halle Bros.; Frost Bros.; Frederick & Nelson. Pin at Lilly Daché Boutique. Emme hat. Capezio boots.

**CITY-SHIRT
TAILORING;
ADD OYSTER WHITE,
COUNTRY LEGS**

**SMOOTH, DRY SURFACES;
POROUS WEAVES;
MELDING TONALITIES...
THE COLOURS
AND FABRICS
THAT TAILOR
THE NEW TOFF
TURNOUT** Details, page 14.



TAILOR'S RAGLAN,
FAWN TWILL...
STOCK IT WITH SATIN, :
DUCK GAITERS,
BROWN GHILLIES

PRIDE OF TAILORING,
OYSTER WHITE...
SHOULDER-STRAPPED,
WELTED,
COLLAR ROLLED.
ADD: OYSTER-BEIGE
ANZAC HAT,
CLARET SUÈDE BOOTS



Raglan tailoring, left. Fawn-beige double-faced wool twill coat, with a brisk disregard of anything superfluous. From the perfect little collar to the slant of the pockets to the welted network of seams that shapes its clean-cut, slightly rounded line... everything here counts. Everything works. Works sensationally with white—satin stock, oyster felt Anzac... and with the new-in-town dash of country legs—herringbone stockings, natural duck gaiters, leather ghillies. Coat by Originala, of Anglo wool loomed in America; at Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Rich's; Dayton's. Hat by Sally Victor. Franchessa stockings at Bonwit Teller. Gaiters by Stanley Philipson: Andrew Geller. Details, details, details—they're the tailor's pride. And they explain All about the coat at right... the way it hangs... the *brio* in the roll of the collar... the shoulder straps that button down, exactly, where the extended sleeves begin. Double-faced wool fleece is the fabric; the colour is oyster white; the boots are claret suède; the Anzac hat is a soft oyster-beige felt... we wouldn't have it any other way. Coat by Originala. Hat by John Frederics. Both at Bonwit Teller. Coat, also at L.S. Ayres; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. The boots are by Mancini.





THE TAILOR CUTS:
RAGLAN-SLEEVED JACKET,
CAMEL AND FLANNEL...
YOU WEAR:
DEERSTALKER HAT,
TEXTURED STOCKINGS,
SOFT WINE SUÈDE BOOTS,
DOUBLE NECKLINE

Raglan turnout, left. Camel's-hair jacket, cut thick and rounded. Unsleeved blouse of chestnut cotton velvet. Panelled grey skirt in firm wool flannel. Everything mixes—colours, tones, fabrics—and snaps together like the crack of a whip. Don't stop here: get cracking...put your legs in a pair of ribbed stockings; pull on soft, tall boots in port-wine suède...try: a brashly-checked deerstalker hat; silk foulard handkerchief slung on like a workman's bandana; gloves in amber-brown pigskin. Suit by Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner. (Jacket, Warren of Stafford fabric.) Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle Bros.; Dayton's; Frederick & Nelson. The stockings by Adler, James Wedge hat; both at Lord & Taylor. The boots by Mancini. Camel's-hair suit, right, with a jacket like an idealized shirt—carved collar, every seam welted. Cap-sleeved shirt underneath, in wool-white jersey. Take it from there: more white looks marvellous—pearls, oyster-white Anzac hat tugged down rakishly; so do ribbed country stockings, brown suède buskins, one shoulder splashed with jade and coal-grey stones. Frechtel suit; Warren of Stafford fabric loomed in America. Pin by Brania; gloves by Fuchs; Hanes seamless stockings. Everything at Lord & Taylor. Suit, also at Julius Garfinckel; Montaldo's; I. Magnin. Boots by Delman, at Bergdorf Goodman. Paulette hat at Saks Fifth Avenue.

**THE TAILOR CUTS:
TAB-FRONT CARDIGAN,
ROUNDED COLLAR,
WELTED SEAMS,
WHITE WOOL BLOUSE...
YOU WEAR:
SOFT FELT HAT,
TEXTURED STOCKINGS,
SUÈDE BUSKINS**





he case for the Prosecution wishes to submit the following evidence for the jury's consideration:

Exhibit 1: A television commercial advertising a polyunsaturated product in which a father and two children are seated at table. As the

mother brings in a heaping platter of hot food, the children shout, "Aw gee, Ma, we wanted fried chicken!"

Exhibit 2: Another commercial in which a boy on his bicycle swerves into a flower bed. The returning commuter-father snaps at him. ("Why take it out on those you love?")

Exhibit 3: A third commercial in which children mess up walls, furniture, and floors with muddy hands and feet and Mom cleans up delightedly with a new detergent.

Before producing further evidence of the exalted status of the defendant, Child, and the corollary subjugation of the adult, let us examine these exhibits more closely. In exhibit 1, it is further shown that the mother accedes to the wishes of the young and turns out the fried chicken, instead, as minimal sense would dictate, of telling them to shut up and eat what's there.

In exhibit 2, the father has every right to snap at a boy for driving over the flower bed when there are ample pathways at hand. Instead, he blames his irritation on his stomach, takes a pill, and buddies up to the boy.

In exhibit 3, the state concedes that children get dirty but submits that if they persist in transferring this condition to their parents' abode, they be made to clean up their own mess.

We would like, furthermore, to call to the jury's attention the fact that these commercials are seen by millions and that they presumably reflect common experiences and attitudes in this country.

Further evidence abounds of the inordinate power exerted by our young, of the child-orientation existing in our society for the last decades, and of the abdication of parents, out of fear and intimidation, from their rightful and normal functions as decision-makers.

I should like to call my first witness. Mrs. Williams, you were in the Beauty Queen Beauty Salon on the tenth of this month, were you not?

I was.

Would you tell in your own words what you saw there?

Well, I was having my hair set next to a little girl of about ten, who was having a comb-out... you know, teased and all. . . .

Yes, go on. . . .

Well, she was telling the woman stylist how to do it, and she said, "It oughta be higher here and fuller there, so it's kinda softer on the face."

You actually heard those words, Mrs. Williams?

Yes, sir, I did. And her mother was sitting right close having a manicure and she said, "Isn't she a riot?"

Thank you, Mrs. Williams. I would like to call my next witness. Mrs. Jones, you are the mother of five, are you not?

Yes, sir.

Would you tell the jury how you make family decisions?

Well, we believe in democracy, you see, and before we decide anything—

What is anything, Mrs. Jones. . . ?

Oh, you know, what to buy, where to go for vacation, that sort of thing. . . .

Thank you. Please go on. . . .

Well, we have a meeting. Petey—he's six—was the chairman last time. My husband and I wanted to go to the mountains this summer—he likes to hike and fish, that sort of thing—but the kids wanted the seashore.

So what happened then, Mrs. Jones?

Well, they were in the majority, so we went to the beach. My husband got awful burned.

Thank you, Mrs. Jones.

Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, I could keep you here far into the night with a parade of witnesses testifying to similar episodes and practices. Or I could quote you a sheaf of clippings like the two I have here in my hand. One is from a Nassau County judge who deplores what he calls the serious malady of auto-mania in suburban youth. "I am seriously disturbed," he says, "by the number of teen-agers . . . who feel they just can't live without a car and who are stealing cars, or going for joy rides without permission, or showboating in cars to such an extent that their vehicle becomes a deadly weapon." The judge cited the case of a teen-ager who said he was "mad at the world" because he did not own a car, stole one, and drove over the fences and lawns of twenty-five homes.

Another clipping is from that genial observer of American life, Harry Golden. Speaking of our child-oriented culture, he wrote: "When the police chief starts banning all the paperbacks which deal with sex, his reason is always that such and such a book or books will corrupt and contaminate children. The largest volume of outrage I've ever heard mustered occurred one Christmas season when the local movie booked a Brigitte Bardot instead of the usual animal film over the holidays."

I would like to summarize the main points of the Prosecution's case, based on prolonged study by qualified observers:

The causes which led to children becoming the "take-over generation"—a phrase used by *Life* in reference to hard-eyed young men—are several. One was a loose interpretation of the Freudian dogma that a word spoken harshly to a child of three would warp him at twenty. Another was the assumption that every little being has something to express and must therefore be free to express it. A third was the astounding theory that children were adults and should be treated as such.

Add to these certain educational tenets to the effect that learning must not only be made easy but entertaining, that no child must be pushed, and that, on the contrary, he must proceed according to his own rate of development, and it is small wonder that there has grown up in this nation a vast and powerful pressure group of children and teen-agers who have come to dictate the terms of the life not only which *they* lead but which, perforce, their parents must also accept.

These same parents are only beginning to realize—and rebel against—the extent of this domination. They are at last aware that the records they hear, the shows they see on television, the cars they buy, and the colleges they pay for are less their choice than the dictation of their young, now crew-cut or draped-hair or bee-hived teen-agers. The wails played by disk jockeys, the pornography sold with comic books, the soft drinks and can-

dies that rot their teeth, are aimed at young ears, young eyes, and young mouths devoid of discrimination: the children the parents allowed to take over.

For the parents alone are not to blame. Their children acquired powerful allies in the sellers of goods, who discovered this marvellous new market of youth some time ago. They planned an infinite variety of methods to remove the weekly allowance and earnings of America's young ones, which in aggregate amounts to nearly ten billion dollars a year. From the age of four onwards, the juvenile consumer is bombarded with messages to buy.

As for the older child, the strange cult of the teen-ager is the natural result of this early consumer training. This young human being is led to believe that once he becomes thirteen he becomes a member of the superior race. What the teen-ager does, wears, wants, and thinks is considered of such prime importance that it must be catered to not only by the outside world but inside the home. The beleaguered parents suddenly find themselves confronted by a dominant and usually hostile herd who take over the house, the meals, the TV set, and the conversation. The adults are unwanted guests in their own home.

Parents are also the victims of a pattern of life which removes one potential controlling factor for ten hours a day for five days a week: the father. His absence (unmourned, we suspect, by him) leaves the care of the young entirely to a mother distracted by the proliferating duties imposed by labour-saving devices. Between the whirl of the dishwasher, the ring of the telephone, and the roar of the vacuum cleaner, she has found it less and less possible to control the large brood she had been steadily increasing since her marriage at eighteen. The easiest thing was to send them out on the communal lawn to play with the other savages, or let their shrilling ranks be stilled by machine-gun fire from the television set. She was, in any case, outnumbered. As for Dad after a tough business day, it took all his remaining energy to make his voice heard at meals over the *musique concrète* of their massed clamour. Abdication was easier.

The distinguished author Henry James viewed this domination with alarm in 1882—eighty-one years ago, ladies and gentlemen. In "The Point of View," he wrote: "... the young people are eating us up—there is nothing in America but the young people. The country is made for the rising generation; life is arranged for them; they are the destruction of society. People talk of them, consider them, defer to them, bow down to them. They are always present, and whenever they are present there is an end to everything else. . . . But the little boys kick your shins, and the little girls offer to slap your face! There is an immense literature entirely addressed to them, in which the kicking of shins and the slapping of faces are much recommended. . . . The future is theirs; maturity will evidently be at an increasing discount. Longfellow wrote a charming little poem, called 'The Children's Hour,' but he ought to have called it 'The Children's Century.' And by children, of course, I don't mean simple infants; I mean everything of less than twenty."

Like all great artists, Mr. James was a prophet. But even he did not envisage a time when adults actually became afraid of their young. Those of you who walk the streets of any city or town, who use public transit or visit public parks have reason to be. We are not speaking here of gangs, although they are an extreme form of this tyranny: the outcome not of parental indulgence but of parental neglect. We are concerned rather with the general aspect of the young at large: the slouching poor-complexioned boys with greased long hair in elaborate waves and insolent walk; the hard-eyed hussies of girls decked out in the advertised trappings of sex. Both use words of violent sexual vulgarity.

You say, ladies and gentlemen, that your young are not like this? Maybe not. In the fashionable suburbs, in the private schools, on selective campuses across the nation you may find the clear-eyed, mannerly, intelligent young folk on whom the future good of (Continued on page 109)

"THE NEW UPPER CLASS, THE KIDS"

BY
MARYA MANNES

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The new "slit wing" plane which has a revolutionary way of inhaling air that may violently change plane practices—the first massive innovation since the jet engine—by reducing friction drag and thereby reducing the amount of fuel needed for long flights. . . . Retro-rockets, and the extraordinary excitement they gave Americans with the twenty-two-orbit flight of Major Gordon Cooper who sounded on his return from his heroic outerspace visit as though he were an Oklahoma cowboy just back from "Gunsmoke" and Dodge City. . . . The love riots of the fans of the New York Mets at their Polo Grounds—their roar like surf on rocks; the vast changes since the Giants left: the hot dogs are worse, the popcorn better. . . . The boil of the new New York night club, Sweet Chariot, where pop gospel singers fling their voices, true, crude, hypnotic, revved up by an electric organ, a couple of drummers, and a pride of tambourines.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The movie, *Marilyn*, which ends with an excerpt from the last Marilyn Monroe film, *Something's Got to Give*, scenes in which she was almost impossibly beautiful and funny, taking special joy in parodying herself, her zest, her Marilyn-grin, her keyed-up walk. . . . Seventeen-year-old Rita Pavone, another popular singer in Italy where she has stung Italians into buying a million and a half of her records; last year she worked in a Fiat factory but now a success, she has a real thing for eccentricity, getting herself up in trousers and tweed cap, to give the effect of a twelve-year-old schoolboy. . . . The colossal Olmec stone head which for years lay deep in the Mexican jungle, formerly reached only by burro track, now on the green lawn of The Museum of Fine Arts in Houston, Texas. . . . The exhausted agreeableness of television panelists smiling as they repeat to each other their happy intellectualisms: dialogue, if you will, and central to.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . L'Interdit, a private New York discothèque club just light enough for the members to see each other—the atmosphere is that of a Paris boîte. . . . *My Life in Jazz*, a book of memory by Max Kaminsky who not only remembers some of the early great players but has the wit to come up with this passage: "Imagine if jazz had been created the other way around, by white Americans sold into slavery in Africa. The white men would have gathered together in the evenings in the slave quarters and harmonized their troubles away with 'Down by the Old Mill Stream' and 'Sweet Adeline' and the African boss would have shaken his head wonderingly and said, 'Man, what a marvellous gift for harmony those poor white bastards have. It's just *born* in them!'"

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . In Paris, the Twist record, "Lovesick Blues," sung by an Englishman, Frank Ifield, whose yodel adds a double sound to the beat. . . . *The Unicorn*, the new Iris Murdoch novel, a rich, eerie, superbly twisting story, written with a kind of mysterious simplicity that adds a proper fusion of imagination as well as an implied confusion of meaning. . . . The advice given by a school mistress to her senior class: "Learn to function in disaster and to finish up in style."

LUCHINO VISCONTI

Of all Italy's directors, the most extraordinary is Visconti who moves with grace and skill from drama, to opera, to film. His newest movie, *The Leopard*, recently won the Gold Palm grand prize at the Cannes Film Festival. (To win Festival prizes is often to win a political hassle, but 'tis better to win than to lose.) An aristocrat with definite Leftist ways except in the manner of his living, Visconti prefers to be surrounded with the beautiful, the perfected, to have cars and butlers (five of the former, four of the latter), to make his world conform to his wishes. In Sicily, it took months to film *The Leopard* for he tossed out scenes. He redid the dialogue, he raised not only the temperature of his cast, but of the film. He is never satisfied. He wants only the best. He always has.





"THE LEOPARD"

In this new Visconti-directed movie of Lampedusa's great novel of change in Italy, 1860, the Prince of Salina, played superbly by Burt Lancaster, stops for lunch with his party on the rugged journey to their country house. "All around quivered the funereal Sicilian countryside, yellow with stubble, black with burned patches; the lament of cicadas filled the sky."

VISCONTI, THE LEOPARD MAN

BY ALBERTO MORAVIA

Most artists, at least in Italy, come from the upper or lower middle class. Artists of peasant or working-class origin are rare, and even rarer those of aristocratic origin, which, for the rest, is understandable since the dominant class in Italy is the middle class, while, for several reasons, the "masses" and the aristocracy participate only to a limited degree in the ruling circles of the country. Luchino Visconti belongs to the category of artists with aristocratic origins.

In other words, Visconti, before becoming an artist, was in his childhood and youth the typical member of a typical social group, in a particular place and at a particular time: the aristocratic and industrial society of the city of Milan during the first thirty years of this century. From this, Visconti derives two characteristics. First of all, he has an unusually pronounced social physiognomy, more pronounced than the generality of artists who, since they come from a middle class of recent formation, soon throw off the specific traits of their origins. And, secondly, as a consequence, he possesses an extremely acute sensitivity to social phenomena which, from the very start, led him to see the problems of art above all as the problems of a specific society at a specific historical moment of time.

In any case, Visconti's biography is there to confirm this judgment. For eight years, Luchino Visconti was busy in Milan as a breeder of race horses, in the shadow of the famous Tesio; without a doubt he was a restless man with an artist's temperament; but for the moment he was unaware of either his restlessness or his artistic gifts. The passage from traditional, family and high society life to the life of art, that is, from an unexpressed and unexpressive situation to its exact opposite, took place quite late and, so it seemed, under the goad of a trauma or, at the least, of a profound crisis. The year 1939 was the year of this trauma, this conflict. This was the year in which Visconti lost his mother, greatly beloved and until then regarded as the very centre of his life; and it was also the year in which he liquidated his stable of race horses, left for Paris, met Jean Renoir there, and was asked by Renoir to work as an assistant director in his film, *Une partie de campagne*.

It will not be necessary to analyze Visconti's conflict which, during those years, was provisionally resolved by the surprising transformation of a young Milanese nobleman, wealthy and worldly, the breeder of race horses and habitué of race tracks, into an avant-garde European movie director. Besides, this conflict is clearly written, for all who know how to read, in each of his films. Having begun much before 1939, this conflict is still going on today; indeed, one might say that Visconti is synonymous with his feeling of crisis. Now what does this conflict consist of? On one hand it consists of an acute awareness of the decay and regression of the society to which he belongs, and, on the other hand, of feeling himself nevertheless bound to this society not only by ties of affection and blood but also by traditions of taste and culture. This ambivalence explains, in my opinion, Visconti's political position. For a young man born and bred in the bland and unreal atmosphere of the Italian middle class, it is not difficult to rid himself of the defects produced by his environment. But for Visconti, the member of an ancient and powerful aristocracy, nothing less than the joining of a party of the extreme Left would suffice to counterbalance the influence and weight of the social group of which he was a part. Visconti's political extremism therefore stands in direct relationship to the extremism of his social situation. In fact, it was not a question for Visconti of reacting to a more or less impromptu, shallow cultural situation such as exists in the majority of middle-class Italian families, but to a tradition which embodies the best of what has been created by the Italian people during the long centuries of its history.

But what is this tradition? It is the tradition of the Renaissance, the last great age of Italian culture and, what is more, insofar as the nobility is concerned, the last epoch in which Italian society and culture went hand in hand and (Continued on page 106)





THE KENNETH CLUB

Women break diets, they skip exercise classes, think nothing of putting off a visit to the dentist. But cancel an appointment with her hairdresser? . . . no smart woman today would dream of it. In a word: the hairdresser has zoomed into his own. Straightening, stretching, puffing, pulling, changing the line of hair and extending the proportion of a woman's head . . . it's the hairdresser who gives every fashion its ultimate shape. Not since Marie Antoinette took her coiffeur, Léonard, on the flight to Varennes, has the hairdresser been so prized. And possibly not since the Roman Baths has there been anything quite like the hairdresser's salon—a place to meet, to see, to be seen, to unwind, to rewind; a part of everyday life.

No one has had more to do with bringing this about in America than Kenneth Battelle. A serious, unspoiled, hard-working man, with a polite but levelling wit, Kenneth has, at thirty-six, become a kind of hair psychiatrist to dozens of women—changing their looks and, in turn, their lives and careers. While not everyone who “goes to Kenneth” goes in the every-week-without-fail sense, it's probable that almost every famous female head in the world has gone or will go to see what all the talk is about. It's a part of the twentieth-century fashion experience.

For Kenneth's customers there is simply no other hair-cutter in the world. “The way he puts his fingers through the hair first, before he cuts, weighs it in his hand, touches the scalp,” they find unique. To hair that never had body or shape—presto, he gives body and shape. In his hands, hair as wiry and unyielding as a Scotch terrier's coat has been known to swing like velvet. At a fashion-photography sitting Kenneth is adored; he is daring, inventive, sure of the limits. (This nice balance of caution and supreme confidence appears to have rubbed off somewhat on the women who come

*Mrs Watson K. Blair's
pale, strong hair —
“best hair in this country”
combed straight and round,
here, by Kenneth.*

*Mrs. John F. MacGuigan's
shell-cut by Kenneth—
black-suited corps assists.*



to him: Kenneth customers are famously unafraid to experiment, to act on their own craving for fashion adventure.)

Now Kenneth has his own house, and what a house it is. It looms up at Nineteen East Fifty-fourth Street, off Madison Avenue, a big, old Edwardian town house which William Baldwin, the decorator, has turned into a spectacular recreation of Brighton Pavilion, that most fantastic pleasure palace. The massive black iron fretwork doors still take a stout arm to open. The baronial proportions of the rooms, stairways and landings, the general *fin-de-siècle* lavishness of space all remain. Onto this solid luxury Baldwin has splashed a tangled opulence of Paisley on Paisley—butter yellow, vermillion, garnet red—and into it, dazzled, come the visitors: Leonard Bernstein taking a quick tour; Alan Jay Lerner; Walter Hoving poking about; a clutch of Secret Service men indicating Mrs. John Kennedy's presence. (In contrast to the colour feast, the "wet" rooms—for dye jobs, shampoos—are as antiseptic as surgeries, with shining white walls, terra-cotta basins, and charcoal-colour tiles.)

Kenneth's special lair is on the third floor. In this lovely sunlit room, with its yellow-Paisley walls, its gleaming stained-walnut floors and Régence furniture, the "club" of long-time Kenneth customers gathers. Like a surgeon in a convoy of internes, Kenneth works his way around the room; his assistants—Wayne, Miss Duval, Raymond, Gary—black-jacketed, intent, at the ready... "darker pins! bigger rollers!" Occasionally the moment all Kenneth customers dread arrives: Wayne pulls the outsize black leather Hermès attaché case from behind the yellow linen chaise longue: "Okay, Mr. Kenneth, it's time to go." And off they go—to a photography studio, to Washington, to do a début party in the Midwest, to Alaska to do summer snow scenes of next winter's ski clothes.

Kenneth cuts, works all over the house, but mainly it is on these "location" hops, and back in his den that he works out his ideas, gradually evolves new styles. As of this moment, here's how he sees the coiffure picture shaping up: he expects the straight, longer-at-the-sides, shorter-at-the-back cut that, in his words, "really grabbed" for summer to lead into longer, extremely simple hair for autumn; hair "swinging in the face—very sexy, much less teased for day; wildly exaggerated for evening." About this, his view is, "There are so many different kinds of hair-pieces now, women will be able to handle exaggerated coifs a bit themselves."

Kenneth no longer cuts anyone's hair in layers ("It isn't in fashion, though it may return"), but expects to go through the summer cutting hair straight in the shorter-at-the-back shell-cut. His point in cutting the uneven hemline explains itself in the wearing: when the set falls, the hair will be even all the way around. As a rule, Kenneth uses a plastic-based setting lotion heavier than the average, which accounts for some of the extra body that his customers claim their hair has after a visit to Kenneth's. His setting time averages about five minutes more than that of most hairdressers and usually involves about five more rollers. "Makes all the difference; the trick is to use just the right amount of hair, smoothly circled, with the right amount of tension over the rollers to give the set more 'spring.'" As for his small but steadily growing clique of drip-dry enthusiasts—no set for this; the line and shape is cut into the hair and a lamp dries it—Kenneth has this to say: "Nice, but you can't do it for every woman; the hair has to be just right, and it must be cut every ten days to look fresh."

If it's not hair at Kenneth's, it's physical fitness. And that all happens on the fourth (Continued on next page)

*Left—in a red
tent room, Mrs.
Stephen Smith
is combed out
by one of Kenneth's
star stylists,
Mary Farr.*



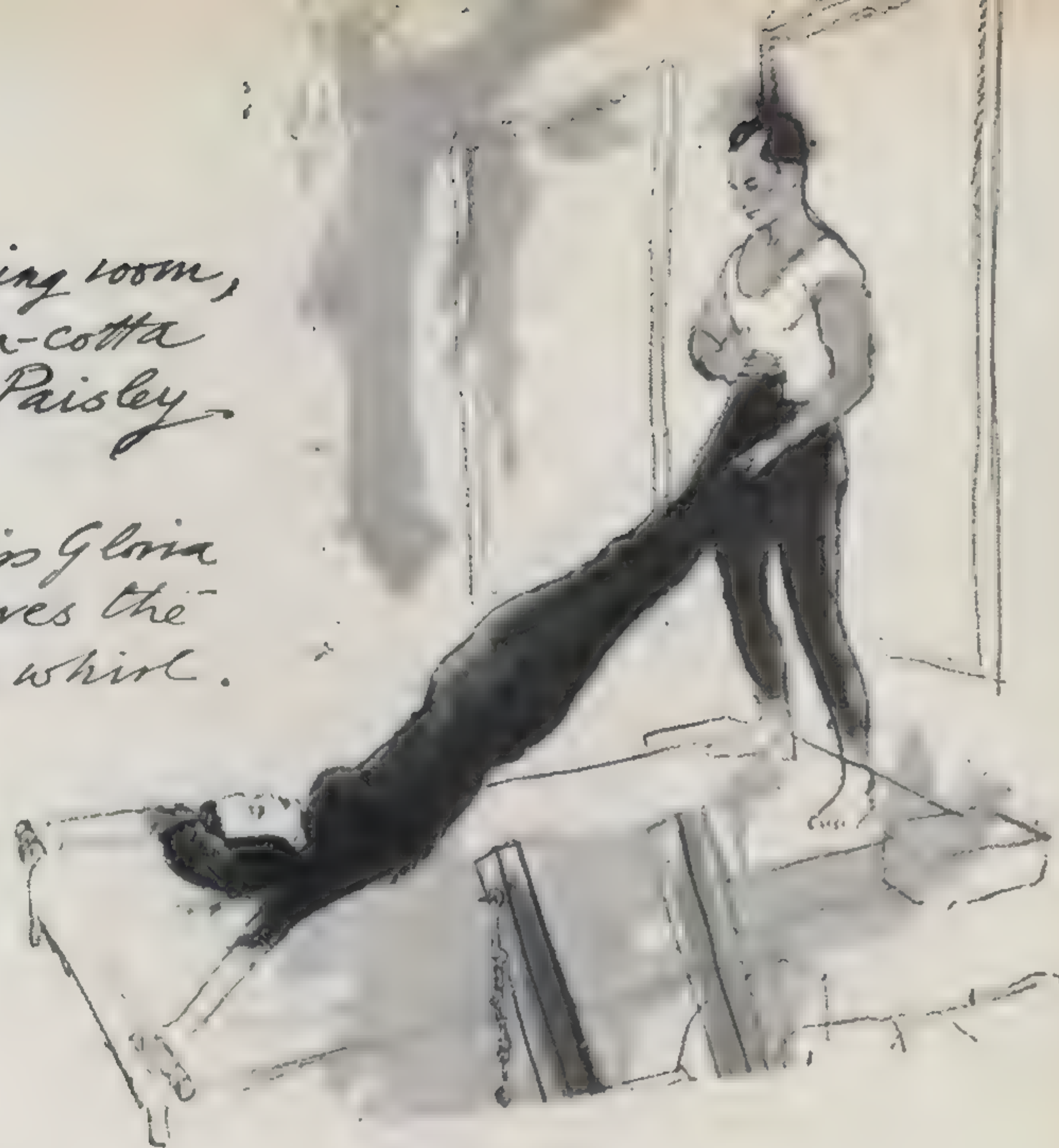
*Right—the Sauna,
new trapping at
Kenneth's.*





*Left—one drying room,
a tent of terra-cotta
Paisley*

*Right—Miss Gloria
Vandervilt gives the
exercises a whirl.*



THE KENNETH CLUB

floor: large exercise rooms, small massage rooms, and a delicious fragrance—half fresh air, half pungent cypress—streaming from the sauna bath. This is the Finnish dry heat treatment—a few minutes in a wooden slat cell, with temperatures rising slowly from a hundred-and-forty degrees, rest periods in between, a cool shower at the end—and it's the new rave at Kenneth's. "Marvellous . . . like being in the sun all day, but without the windburn, or the tiredness—just the pleasure."

With or without such extra lures, a visit to Kenneth's is not inexpensive. An average session, with a new shaping (but not with Kenneth), shampoo, manicure, is eighteen-and-a-half dollars. If Kenneth cuts: thirty-seven-and-a-half dollars. But even here there are long-range economies: for thirty-five dollars, you may have a sauna, massage, facial, eyebrow shaping, shampoo, cut, set, and an oil manicure. For seventy-five dollars: all of this, plus make-up instruction, hair treatment, pedicure—and Kenneth himself at the scissors. The hours are slightly different from those in most salons: Kenneth's door is open from nine to seven Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday; on Wednesday, ten in the morning till nine at night (very convenient if your plans include dinner or the theatre). On Saturday, everyone has a holiday.

Kenneth's house seems to have a curiously hypnotic effect on most women: time passes—and passes. But the décor, the ambiance, the techniques of treatment (a small corps of masseuses, incidentally, works not only in perfect silence, but in utter darkness as well) combine to calm and soothe in a way that might well be studied by the makers of Miltown.

*Left—the marble-
columned rotunda;
a small island
of dryers.*



*Below—Pedicure
with a Porthault
pillow, behind a
Paisley screen*

*Opposite—the main salon:
a Brighton Pavilion.*





1924, 10/10/12

africa

THE NEW GRAND TOUR

BY MARY ROBLEE HENRY

In the new nations, the African personality is in full voice. The dream of freedom is realized; the vitality is now. South of the Sahara and north of the veldt, the independent countries, twenty-seven of them, look wondrously unlike the travel posters. Africa, in fact, has everything—except a frame of reference. There is nothing quite like it. The earth is red, the rivers silver, the foliage tourmaline green, the sky cobalt blue. Above all, Africa is a continent of light, not a dark continent. The new Grand Tour might begin in Senegal at Dakar, a fresh, sun-white city by a blue sea; or in the Ivory Coast at Abidjan, with its tall modern structures, its cloverleaf highways linking a great bridge; or in Nigeria at Lagos, beige-gold, bursting its bounds with new buildings, new ideas. Everywhere, the big jets on new runways syphon travellers into many worlds, some of enduring beauty. The beauty, for instance, of wildlife in great free herds, of birds and forests. Here, and on the next pages, some of Africa's pleasures, beauties, and excitements.

THE GREAT ART OF YORUBA— IN NIGERIA

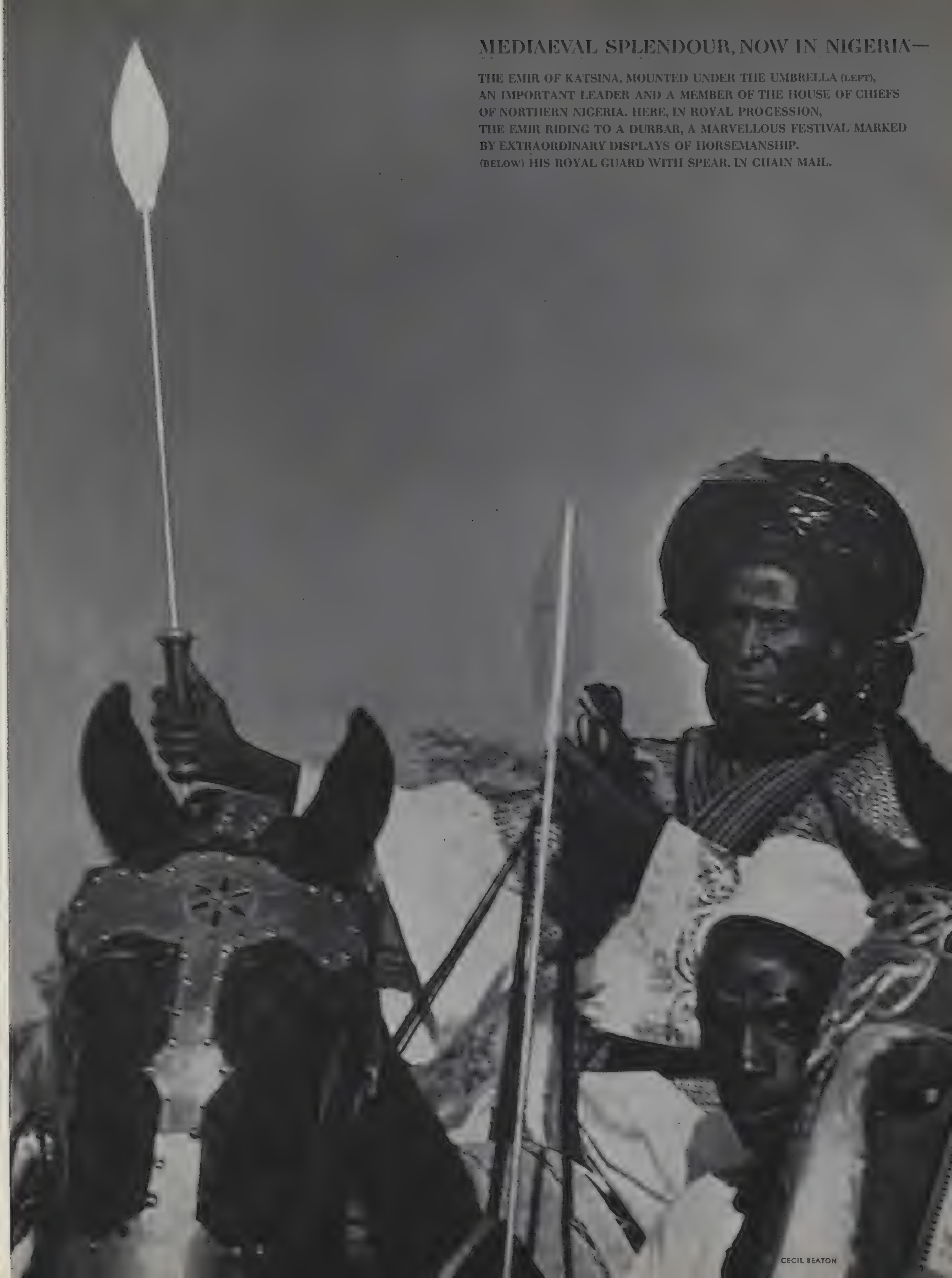
PINK, SUPERBLY CARVED AND PAINTED, THIS SCULPTURED POST BESIDE A BLUE-ROBED YOUNG GIRL STANDS IN THE PALACE OF IDANRE. PART OF THE GREAT YORUBA CULTURE OF WESTERN NIGERIA. LEANING FAR BACK INTO HISTORY, SACRED AND SEQUESTERED, IDANRE IS RULED BY A KING, THE OWA, WHO LIVES IN THIS ROSEATE PALACE.





MEDIAEVAL SPLENDOUR, NOW IN NIGERIA—

THE EMIR OF KATSINA, MOUNTED UNDER THE UMBRELLA (LEFT),
AN IMPORTANT LEADER AND A MEMBER OF THE HOUSE OF CHIEFS
OF NORTHERN NIGERIA. HERE, IN ROYAL PROCESSION,
THE EMIR RIDING TO A DURBAR, A MARVELLOUS FESTIVAL MARKED
BY EXTRAORDINARY DISPLAYS OF HORSEMANSHIP.
(BELOW) HIS ROYAL GUARD WITH SPEAR, IN CHAIN MAIL.





IN UGANDA: THE NEW GRAND TOUR

In Paris, the Kabaka of Buganda had said, "If ever you come to Uganda, you must visit me." As the descendant of a long royal line, the Kabaka rules Buganda, the largest of four kingdoms in Uganda, a united and independent country in East Africa.

Now in the sprawly Grand Hotel in Kampala, I waited for the royal response to the cablegram announcing my sudden arrival. The response appeared. Out of a black Bentley with the license plate "K 1," stepped young Mr. Stanley Musisi, the secretary of His Highness, who had been sent to escort me, not to the palace in town, but to the Kabaka's safari camp, about one hundred and twenty miles north in the elephant country.

Skimming over the red yo-yo roads through forests of banana trees, I remembered Winston Churchill's 1908 description of Uganda on its high, equatorial inland sea, Lake Victoria, as big as Scotland, "Uganda is from end to end one beautiful garden . . . a fairy tale. The scenery is different, the vegetation is different, and, most of all, the people are different from anything elsewhere to be seen in the whole range of Africa. Cotton grows everywhere with yellow flowers or pinky-white bolls. . . . Rubber, fibre, hemp, cinnamon, cocoa, coffee, tea, coca, vanilla, oranges, lemons, and pineapples simply give one wild bound of efflorescence or fruition and break their hearts for joy. Does it not sound a paradise on earth?"

We crested one blue wavy hill after another. At the first cross-road in one hundred miles we turned at the signpost, "Church of Uganda, Bukwiri P. School." In a flash, the blood-red road became coagulated mud, the big flat night sky fell on the landscape like a lid on a pot. We drove to a thatched house where the men wheeled up on bikes and the women arrived wearing long neon red or green one-shoulder dresses. Mr. Musisi directed his words toward a young man, beginning with a purr of a—o, a-a-a- ending in a um-uumm, the ceremonious greeting which prompted Sir Harry Johnston to call the people, "the Japanese of Africa."

SENEGAL

THEATRICAL, BRILLIANT, BEAUTIFUL, A WOLOF WOMAN OF SENEGAL, LEFT, IN THE HIGH-WAISTED, FLOWING DRESS OF THE FRENCH EMPIRE OF A CENTURY AGO, ADAPTED, CHANGED, WORN WITH ZCOM EVERY DAY. THESE WOMEN, FAMOUS FOR THEIR CLOTHES, ADD PAGEANTRY TO THEIR CITY, DAKAR. TO COMPLETE THEIR EFFECT: A HUGE WIG TIED UP IN A FLYAWAY TURBAN, CHANDELIER GOLD EARRINGS, AND A REGAL BEARING.



HIS HIGHNESS, THE KABAKA OF BUGANDA,
SKETCHED BY FELIKS TOPOLSKI.

Out of the spill of words, only *piki-piki* stuck with me; it means motorcycle. "It's because of the sound it makes, '*piki-piki, piki-piki*'" explained Mr. Musisi as the night rider sped ahead scouting the soggy road for us. At the camp we stepped into the glow of campfires outlining khaki tents and shagged huts. The chauffeur put the car under a straw-roofed shelter with two Rolls-Royces, three Mercedes-Benzes, and one Chrysler Imperial.

A servant in a long pale robe, with a lantern, led me to the royal pavilion, a white open room, its cupola of woven elephant grass and coiled beams upheld by clustered bamboo poles. I sat in an aluminum tube chair on the raised platform swagged in russet bark cloth, while a yellow-capped musician crouching on a raffia mat, played his nine-stringed harp.

Like jinns out of a bottle, people appeared. Uganda's new Solicitor General Freddie Mpanga and a Cabinet Minister, both of whom I had met in Paris, and a tall, spectacled, young Englishman, Mark Heathcoat-Amory, a nephew of Lord Howard de Walden, just down from Oxford and the tutor of seven-year-old Prince Ronnie. A handsome, sturdy child, Ronnie bounded in, stopped short, and with a deep bow said: "My father bids you welcome; he will join you shortly." Like the Kabaka, known as King Freddie during his university days at Magdalene (Continued on page 4)



MME. FÉLIX HOUPHOUËT-BOIGNY
WIFE OF THE PRESIDENT, IVORY COAST.

WILBUR PIPPIN

Discerning, worldly, as much at one with diplomatic protocol as at the wheel of a sportscar, Mme. Félix Houphouët-Boigny, the young wife of the President of the Ivory Coast, lives at times in an apartment in Paris (where she buys her clothes, often at Dior), in a chalet in Switzerland where her young daughter is in school, and in the presidential residence, *right*, in Abidjan. Here, the Houphouët-Boignys often entertain officially at seated dinners for a hundred guests in the beige-and-brown state dining room; at receptions in the tall salon hung with great gold-cage chandeliers floating chunky jewelled stones; or in the gardens of date palms, floodlit fountains, and pools within pools. Across a wide esplanade stands the mauve-and-marble building in which the President has a bright red office with a Lurçat tapestry. In the muted green room where ambassadors present their credentials, hangs a biting yellow Buffet painting of great-winged butterflies. All beige, bronze, and travertine, the Cabinet Minister's conference room has a long, long table of pale mahogany. Perhaps the most magnificently contemporary of the West Coast of Africa, these buildings designed by the Paris architects, Dudau and Lafon, are part of the international style of architecture, show the surge, the beauty of the Ivory Coast.

IN WEST AFRICA: THE NEW GRAND TOUR continued

Skyscrapers, car-swept highways, ports packed with cargo ships, plate-glass banks, new embassies, universities, and government buildings—these are the new naturals of African cities. The excitement lies in the clashing contrasts of vivid national dress, entertaining markets, museums showing the great art of Africa. Abidjan, for instance, rich in exports of rare woods, cocoa, manganese, and diamonds, revolves around its lively lagoon charged with freighters—and skimming water-skiers—its banks lined with great houses and hotels.

In August, Intercontinental will open the luxe, air-cooled two-hundred-room Hotel Ivoire, with a waterfall of four floodlit pools. The Relais de Cocody, one of ten excellent hotels steered by Air France in Africa, has a stone-parasoled dining pavilion, a swimming pool near an air-cooled wing of eighty rooms. Many airlines, incidentally, nose into Abidjan's big airport often after stopping in Dakar, Senegal. Sibling jealousy exists between these sophisticated cities—both have a leafy look, sidewalk cafés, good restaurants, and the dash of a small Paris. With its frieze of skyline ledged on the sea, Dakar has the fresher climate, but Abidjan (and most of the other West Coast cities) has the feel of a Washington summer.

All winter, many of the Dakarais like to skin dive, then lunch at such seaside restaurants as Le Lagon where the bouillabaisse is Marseillaise because the owner is.

Out on the Corniche, at the tall Hotel N'Gor, the small beach attracts bikini bathers, some of them Vespa-riding students from Dakar's big university. In addition, there are the enormous charms of old Dakar; the off-shore pink and black basalt islet of Gorée, where the Colonial governors lived; the wide beach of Yoff like a sandy Champs-Élysées where the women trail in long filmy *boubous* to meet the afternoon fishing catch; the flower market of Kermel, run by jewelled Senegalese calling, "*Jolie Madame, ma belle, achetez mes fleurs.*" One does, armfuls.

IVORY COAST

THE PRESIDENTIAL RESIDENCE, WING-ROOFED AND MARBLE,
OVERLOOKS THE LIVELY LAGOON OF ABIDJAN.



In a green landscape that looks like a Henri Rousseau painting, the Marchesa Sieuwke Bisleti lives with her animals all around her at Marula in the highlands of Kenya.

There, suntanned, lithe, her tawny hair streaked with gold from exposure to the sun, she may walk across a field, a lion at her heels. She may take a gun from her shoulder, shoot a bird and give it to the lion. Then the pair continue their walk to a waterfall, where they sit, the lion leaning against her. Slowly they return to the house—white stucco with red roof tiles and a picture window to give a view across an enormous pasture, its trees flat-topped acacias, yellow green. Three of the dogs bounce about her and a full-grown cheetah rubs against her leg.

Marula is a working farm, its products coffee, alfalfa, cows, the whole run by the Marchese Francesco Bisleti and his wife, Sieuwke. Their pleasure, however, lies in their wild animals, some found orphaned and brought to them by game wardens. After work the Bisleti family gathers at the picture window to watch the fantasy of the sunsets over the African highlands. If a mongoose has a litter, a special compartmented box is brought to the fireplace to give warmth to babies no bigger than a thumb. A young leopard might be asleep in a guest's lap. Sometimes after dinner, the family and guests—the women in well-tailored safari trousers, boots, and Pucci silk shirts—may drive down the fields to find a hippopotamus who has been eating away the profits from the alfalfa fields. On the way the Marchesa might well stop to see a buffalo, a bushbuck, and a dik-dik. For the Marchesa Bisleti her life, the landscape, the animals mesh together.

BY SUSAN GREENBURG WOOD

THE MARCHESA
SIEUWKE BISLETI
ON HER GLORIOUS
HIGHLANDS FARM
WHERE A LION, SCRUFFY,
AND A CHEETAH, TANA,
ARE HER HOUSE CATS
IN KENYA,

africa





THE MARCHESA WITH
HER FRIENDLY BEASTS:
ZEBRA, MONGOOSE,
ELEPHANT, STEINBOK
(THOMSON'S GAZELLES,
IN BACKGROUND),
COLOBUS MONKEY,
LEOPARDS, LION,
AND LIONESS.





BEAUTY

BULLETIN

JULY BEAUTY READER: THE QUESTION OF HOW CLEAN IS CLEAN.... BULLETIN ON OTHER LURES NEW NOW....

You enter any room, walk down any street, shop in any shop, go to any restaurant, any airport, theatre, beach anywhere today, and you see: beautiful women. They are everywhere. And while they are not a drug on the market, not so in they're out, not about to be replaced by some pop art version of woman, they will in time impose on themselves a new beauty objective, with the excitement of a new set of beauty standards to aim for. The mid-1963 figure not only looks better; it is genuinely better. The mid-1963 head of hair is regaining its quality. The mid-1963 face wears its make-up more interestingly, individually—even with some charm and fantasy. Where, then, can beauty go from here? Toward a new kind of utter cleanliness is what we think. There is, we believe, a brand of cleanliness that goes to the bone—acute, precise, delicious. It is to beauty what a marvellous silk lining is to a dress. And it is, without question, an art. How clean is clean? As follows:

Skin swept clean. The best and deepest cleanser we know takes twelve days to do its work; requires a fifteen-minute treatment every other day for that span of time. You're given six little vials of a curious grainy mix to put on your face and throat—one vial's-worth every other day. When the mix has dried, you rub it off, and with it seems to go everything that's made the skin look dull and stained with time. Because the

**"The beauties
who live by the sea..."**

The moist, marvellous skin that's a side-effect of living by the sea was studied by Dorothy Gray chemists who made a find to know about. Bulletin on Secret of the Sea, page 103.

lines that bracket a mouth not only look dark but actually are, we advise a double dip of the grainy mixture in that area. After the rub-off's completed and fresh skin is in sight, wash with lukewarm water and finish with a thin layer of the (Continued on page 71)

**Silvered make-up to wear
over a suntan**

Moonlit coolness for skin: a special make-up by Elizabeth Arden. Luminous white foundation; silvery-flecked rose face powder; pearly eyeshadow; new Silver Rose lipstick. The look, Silver Gala. (Jewels, see next page.)









**Fantasy
make-up:
gold, gold,
gold**

**Pearls
with the
biggest
of clips**

**Toes
dressed in
glossy pallor**

There is this going on now: a taste for make-up with something stirring in it besides colour. In the case at left, it's gold—ravishing, softening. How you'd wear it is at night, with the central panel of your face made up as usual; gold everywhere else. Gold Lamée Ultima foundation and face powder. Gold eye-liner, gold-bronze eye-shadow, rose-gold frosted nail enamel. The whole look, by Revlon. . . . Also news coming from Revlon is a group of barely-coloured nail enamels, with Barely Ivory, the palest, most nacré, and, we predict, most-wanted colour in the group. All shades, ready before the end of July (hurry, hurry, Mr. Revson). Pearls on all four pages come from David Webb, along with pale-yellow gold and diamond badges clipped on in a way we liked in Paris this year.

BEAUTY BULLETIN

MORE ABOUT THE BEAUTY QUESTION: HOW CLEAN IS CLEAN...NEWS OF GOLD MAKE-UP; PALE NAILS...

(Continued from page 68) treatment's follow-up cream. The latter won't be your favorite fragrance, but it's not too bad—and the result will be baby skin all over again. Details about the treatment, page 108. Skin kept clean. The surprise move in face care is the comeback of soap, though you might not recognize it on sight. Some of the new soaps foof out of aerosol containers; some come as tubes of soap cream; some come in jars that look like jars of face cream; and some you'll remember as the famous hard-milled bath and beauty soaps that have been around since your great-grandmother's time. Some are better than others—and how you can tell which is which is this way: the lather a soap makes must be creamy, slow; if it whips itself up into an egg-white-like froth it's probably too drying to be fooled with. Whatever form the soap takes, though, thorough rinsing is a must—rinsing with tepid water splashed on the face. As for the liquid or cream cleansers you've been using: they're still in good standing and still stand as the best quick-cleansing method when you want to make a make-up change. However, they should *always* be followed with an oil-cutting tonic (advice to that effect on the cleanser's label isn't salesmanship, it's precaution—and failure to follow the advice can lead to regrettable pore situations). Also don't miss the connection between skin and physical exercise. (Continued on page 108)

Chez-vous dressing—for evenings when the stars are in

Stay home...there have never been such alluring reasons. The clothes on these ten pages, to name ten at a clip—déshabillés, pullovers, pants, skirts—as ravishing, and as luxuriously turned-out as ball dresses. The prospect of a good book...not curling up with it, exactly. Being read to is the idea...by a Wildly Attractive man, with a spellbinding voice. *Voilà*.....

Rex Harrison across the page—all smiling—Mephisto good looks, and a voice like a runaway bow on a fine cello. Listening—enraptured—a beauty in jet-beaded lacquered black ciré pullover and pants; her feet in jewelled boots; wrist bubbling with fake diamonds; her ears—dazzled. This side of the screen: embroidered white lace, thick and crusty as wedding-cake icing. Pants and a pullover with a lovely wide neckline, sloped shoulders. Her boots are cloth of silver. Her bracelets are masses of brilliants. And her heart—from the looks of things—is breaking...actually, Mr. Harrison is reading from *Major Barbara*. A rather belligerent passage: "Mr. Undershaft...whenever I feel that I must have anything, I get it, sooner or later..." (The movie version of this play was an early Harrison-Shaw encounter. Next, as the whole world knows: *My Fair Lady*, with Audrey Hepburn.) Both costumes are by Ceil Chapman. The black, of Kandelaft ciré. Earrings by Trifari. Both at Bonwit Teller. Costume, also at Frost Bros.; Carol & Mary, Honolulu. Boots by Christian Dior-New York. These, to order at Bonwit Teller. White costume, of lace reembroidered with ciré ribbon (Whelan fabric). Laguna bracelets. Both: Bergdorf Goodman. Costume: Gus Mayer; Joseph Magnin. Evins boots: I. Miller, N.Y. Charles Gracie screen. The high, smooth, sometimes pigtailed coiffures on all ten pages, by Kenneth.



Rex Harrison



John Huston



You can't read aloud with the book held upside down? Nonsense. You can if you're John Huston, left, the brilliantly maverick movie-director and writer—who has just pulled another Hustonian switch by turning actor, in a movie of the 1950s' best-seller, *The Cardinal*. (He plays the hero's friend and mentor, Cardinal Glennon.) Mr. Huston—in his hours of ease, an Irish country squire and M.F.H. of the Galway Blazers—is wearing a beloved black leather suit which he calls his Basic Black. His listener wears white—a “jump suit” of white crêpe with a wonderful understated elegance, casual, immaculate; shirt sleeves, scarf-twined cowl neck. With it, white boots, masses of rhinestones and fake pearls. The jump suit is by Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner, in four-ply William Rose silk crêpe; at Bergdorf Goodman; Blum's, Chicago. At right, Jason Robards, junior, whose long, attractively faun-like face will be seen next behind a “huge pair of disembodied tortoiseshell glasses,” as George S. Kaufman in the movie of Moss Hart's autobiography, *Act One*. Here Mr. Robards is reading, hilariously, from the summer-camp chapters: “Monday was campfire night. This was presumably an informal get-together... to initiate the new arrival into the CARE-FREE CAMP SPIRIT!” His audience, precarious but happy, wears a flirty little overtop and pants of white satin, the top encrusted with crystal beads. White hair-calfskin boots; mock-pearl and rhinestone necklace. Costume by Jane Derby, in Couleur satin. Necklace by Trifari. Both at Bergdorf Goodman. The costume, also at I. Magnin. Boots on both pages, at Saks Fifth Avenue.



Jason Robards, junior



Jerome Robbins, left, the brilliant choreographer-director of such musicals as *West Side Story*, such ballets as *Fancy Free*, is—in his quieter moments—a *Peanuts* fan. For our reading-at-home scene, he elected to read the latest *Peanuts* masterpiece, *Snoopy, Come Home*. But the model, a pretty young Italian named Tilly, didn't dig. A fragment of dialogue has been preserved: MR. ROBBINS: Arf! TILLY: What iss—Arf? MR. R. (with feeling): It is Arf. (TILLY laughs, nervously.) The third member of the cast said nothing, not even Arf.... In any case, Tilly looks supreme in a marvellous riding shirt of white mink and cloth-of-silver pants. Shirt by Betty Yokova for Neustadter, of "Jasmine," Emba natural white mink. Also at I. Magnin. The trousers of ribbed cotton, rayon, and Chromeflex, by Deebs. This, to order at Henri Bendel. Harold Prince, right, a producer with an almost uncannily green thumb for a hit, has two on Broadway now: *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*, and *She Loves Me*, which he also directed. Here Mr. Prince reads what he happened to have in his pocket on the way to the studio—the script of a new comedy called *She Didn't Say Yes*. Backing him up is a young woman in one of the most luxurious at-home tops imaginable—a sleeveless chinchilla pullover, slightly flared. By Maximilian of Empress chinchilla; also at Holt Renfrew of Canada. Trousers by John Weitz Boutique, in pale beige silk satin; to order at Henri Bendel. Black sandals—all straps and glitter—by Bernardo, at Bonwit Teller. The bracelet by Laguna.



Harold Prince



Henry Fonda

As Elizabeth Barrett discovered long ago, staying home can be a lot of fun—if you have something becoming to wear, and a sensationally attractive man to read aloud to you. Both conditions exist, flourishingly, here. At left, the reader is Henry Fonda—six-foot-one of twangy Nebraska charm. He will appear next in the movie, *Fail-Safe*, playing an agonized President of the United States. Notably unagonized here, he reads, by his own choice, Steinbeck's *Travels with Charley*: "Curious how a place unvisited can take such hold on the mind....To me such a place was Fargo, North Dakota." The rapt listener wears a long white déshabillé (it could be a delicious summer evening coat), of St. Gall embroidered organdie—the snowy Swiss fabric that is one of the great 1963 summer loves. The coat, double-breasted, falls straight at the front, swings wide at the back. By Galanos. Mock pearl earrings, by Hattie Carnegie. Both at Bonwit Teller. Evening coat also at Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Coiffure by Mr. Perrone of the Kenneth Salon. Emlyn Williams, facing page, the extraordinary British actor-author-director-playwright, reads—in a voice glorious with Welsh resonances—a poem by his compatriot, Dylan Thomas, whose works Mr. Williams often recites for an entire evening in his memorable one-man show, *A Boy Growing Up*. The one-woman audience here wears a crêpe at-home pyjama in the cool, bloomy colour of chilled apricots—with an easy cowl neckline, a wrapped and sashed midriff, wide, straight-falling pants. By Norman Norell, in Staron silk crêpe. Torsade of mock topaz and seed pearls, with a huge pearl drop; by House of Joy. Both at Bergdorf Goodman. Pyjama, also at Nan Duskin; Hudson's; I. Magnin. Christian Dior. New York shoes at Bonwit Teller. Coiffure—tall, polished—by Kenneth.



Emlyn Williams

José Quintero



Reading the plays of Eugene O'Neill aloud, with a pleasantly Spanish cadence—he is actually Panamanian—is something José Quintero, left, does very well. Directing them on stage is, of course, something he does even better; his production of *Strange Interlude*, the play he is reading here, is a current Broadway success. (Now, mainly on location in Tennessee, Mr. Quintero is directing the movie of *The Fool Killer*, a non-O'Neill story—odd, moody, rather Mark Twain-ish.) The listener's costume: a long skirt of bright-pink velvet, an overblouse of heavy white embroidered nylon lace. Fake pearls, clasped with a huge fake-pearl-and-rhinestone pin; white satin boots, embroidered and jewelled. Costume by Sarff-Zumpano, of Whelan nylon lace and De Ball cotton velvet. Necklace and pin by Hattie Carnegie. All at Henri Bendel. Costume, also at Frances Heffernan. The boots by Herbert Levine are at Bonwit Teller. Glenway Wescott, right, the eminent novelist, reads "A Call on Colette," from his recent book, *Images of Truth*—a collection of literary vignettes, sharply-chiselled, fascinating: "...I have never seen a woman of any age so impeccable and immaculate and (so to speak) gleaming. Let me not try to describe her: her paleness of enamel and her gemlike eyes and her topknot of spun glass..." The listener wears a long knitted tube from Italy—pink, striped in black and white around the top and hem. Marvellous with bare-bones sandals, masses of bogus pearls. Dress, designed by Tricò for Arkin-knits, in Italian double-knitted wool, about \$70. Necklaces and pendant by Judith McCann. All at Altman's. Dress, also at Hutzler's and Neiman-Marcus.

Glenway Wescott





It's a definite gleam in the eye of autumn now: the new and brilliant start of grey, suddenly fresh in soft pale woollens, or silvery in shiny silks for evening—where it strikes like a cool pale moonbeam after gilt-ridden seasonsful of gold. On these and the two pages after, some looks-ahead at the new bright greys and how to wear them dazzlingly, on either side of six o'clock. The late-day play of grey on grey, opposite, a tunic of pale blue-grey satin, worn like a silvery pinafore over a simple sleeved sheath of darker grey wool. This, tied at a very high waist with a bow, a dangly pin. More grey with gleam: the turban of darker blue-grey satin. Dress and turban, by Galanos; wool by Agnona; satin by Hurel. Pin by Hattie Carnegie. All at Bonwit Teller; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Kislav gloves. Lipstick for two greys: Too Too Pink, by Max Factor. Day grey, above, in a wool coatdress shaped by seams that start at the sleeves and run straight down the front, pausing for slit pockets on the way. At the finish of those sleeves: rounded cuffs. By Adele Simpson; of Or de Laine wool; about \$160. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Julius Garfinckel; Harzfeld's; Sakowitz. Inside the collar, a white scarf of stiff peau de soie, by Doro. White domed hat by Emme.

Greys — new silver standards

PENN







Grey for night when it glistens, at left, like silver with a puffed patina—an enchanting short evening dress of the airiest possible cloqué in silver grey. Quite unfitted, narrow, it's the setting here for a blaze of diamonds circling within bareness that's bordered in cloqué cocardes. Dress by Hannah Troy, of Celanese acetate and Enka rayon (Onondaga fabric); about \$125 at Bergdorf Goodman; Wm. H. Block; Dayton's; I. Magnin. Diamonds by Harry Winston. About the hair, there's this to be said: the colour and the architecture could be built in by two Helene Curtis methods—a Deep Secret permanent wave to give hair the strength, body, and consistency to shape up smoothly; Deep Silver Blush toner to give it the essential gloss of colour. One of the silver-alloy shadings, above, coming up for city days. Pale-grey flannel with almost the softness and sheen of satin, in a stemware shape that's two-piece—overblousy top with a neck that cowl in folded rings, a narrow skirt. By Teal Traina, of Forstmann wool loomed in America. About \$125 at Bonwit Teller; Woodward & Lothrop; Hudson's; Joseph Magnin. The hat, by Miss Alice.

Greys — new silver standards



POWER OF



CHÂTEAU DE MOUTON IN ITS VINEYARDS

DREAMS:

WHAT IMAGINATION AND INTELLIGENCE
HAVE CREATED AT MOUTON—
THE CHÂTEAU OF THE
BARON AND BARONESS PHILIPPE DE ROTHSCHILD.

BY VALENTINE LAWFORD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HORST

Viewed from afar, Mouton seems to float above the level landscape like a mirage. Even at quite close range, this château in the Médoc, the famous wine-growing district in southwestern France, has the attraction of an island in a sea of vines. In the centre of the white gravel courtyard a thick screen of ilex and pine almost conceals the original 1830 château, Petit Mouton. On three sides of the courtyard are the *chais*, long, low buildings containing the cellars and winepresses for new wine; one wing faced with white-gold stone, is Grand Mouton, almost a new château.

A white door in the greenery of Petit Mouton leads directly to a mid-Victorian or Second Empire interior full of brilliant colour, predominantly opulent, opera-box red. And into this amiable extravaganza comes Pauline de Rothschild, dressed for country walking, down the winding, wine-red carpeted stairs. A golden retriever precedes her—the pair of them looking like Van Dyck models strayed into the nineteenth century at its height.

To anyone who knew her as Pauline Potter in her New York days, the chatelaine of Mouton seems less to have changed (Continued on page 103)

Left, Baron and Baroness Philippe de Rothschild, whose talents and intellects have combined to form a unique house and a unique museum, *Le Musée du Vin dans l'Art*; here in their living room at the Château de Mouton.

CHÂTEAU DE MOUTON Continued

Large photograph: The noble living room, with its blue-and-red tiled floor, inspired by an illustration in a sixteenth-century Italian book; its seventeenth-century and eighteenth-century chairs and paintings harmonizing with works by such sculptors as Brancusi, Giacometti, César, Chadwick, Lippold, and Ferrari, and such painters as Dubuffet, Tchelitchev, and Morris Graves.

Small photographs, top to bottom:
A sixteenth-century stone fireplace, and a Chippendale chair from a rare set made *à la manière de Louis Quinze*. Table laid for a spring luncheon. *Foreground:* early eighteenth-century Venetian chairs simulating growing wood. A slim Brancusi bird of brass, mounted on a seventeenth-century stand; a standing Giacometti figure on the landing. On an early eighteenth-century Italian console, a César sculpture, pieces of Chinese eighteenth-century porcelain; on the wall, a Morris Graves "Bird."

ON THE FOLLOWING PAGES ARE SHOWN:

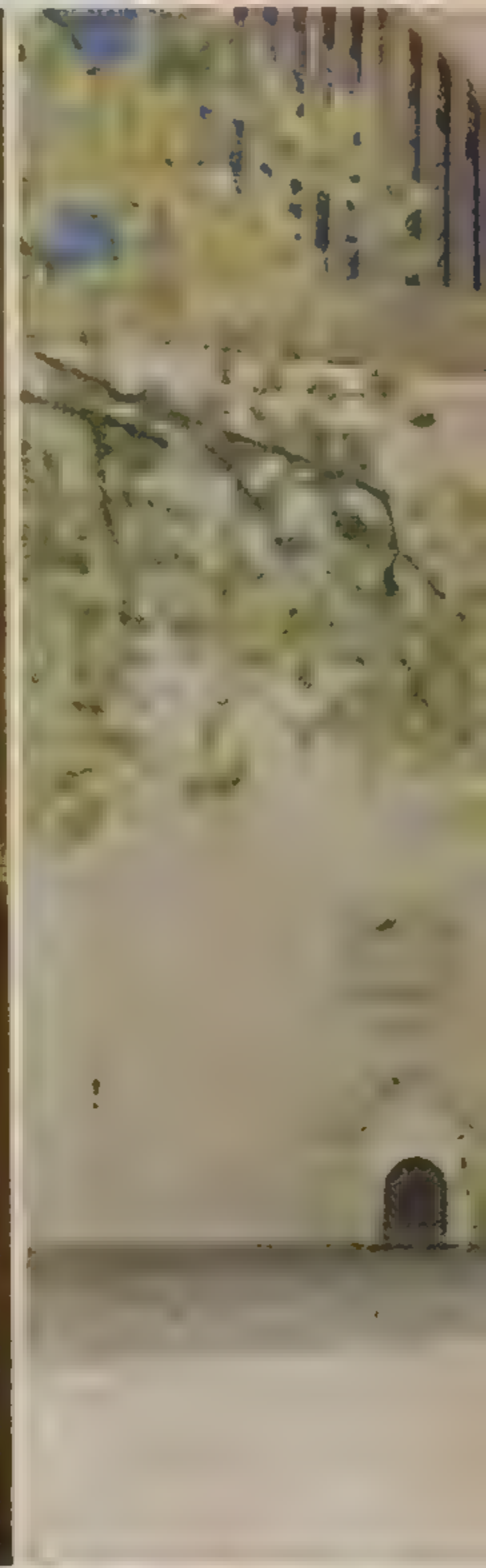
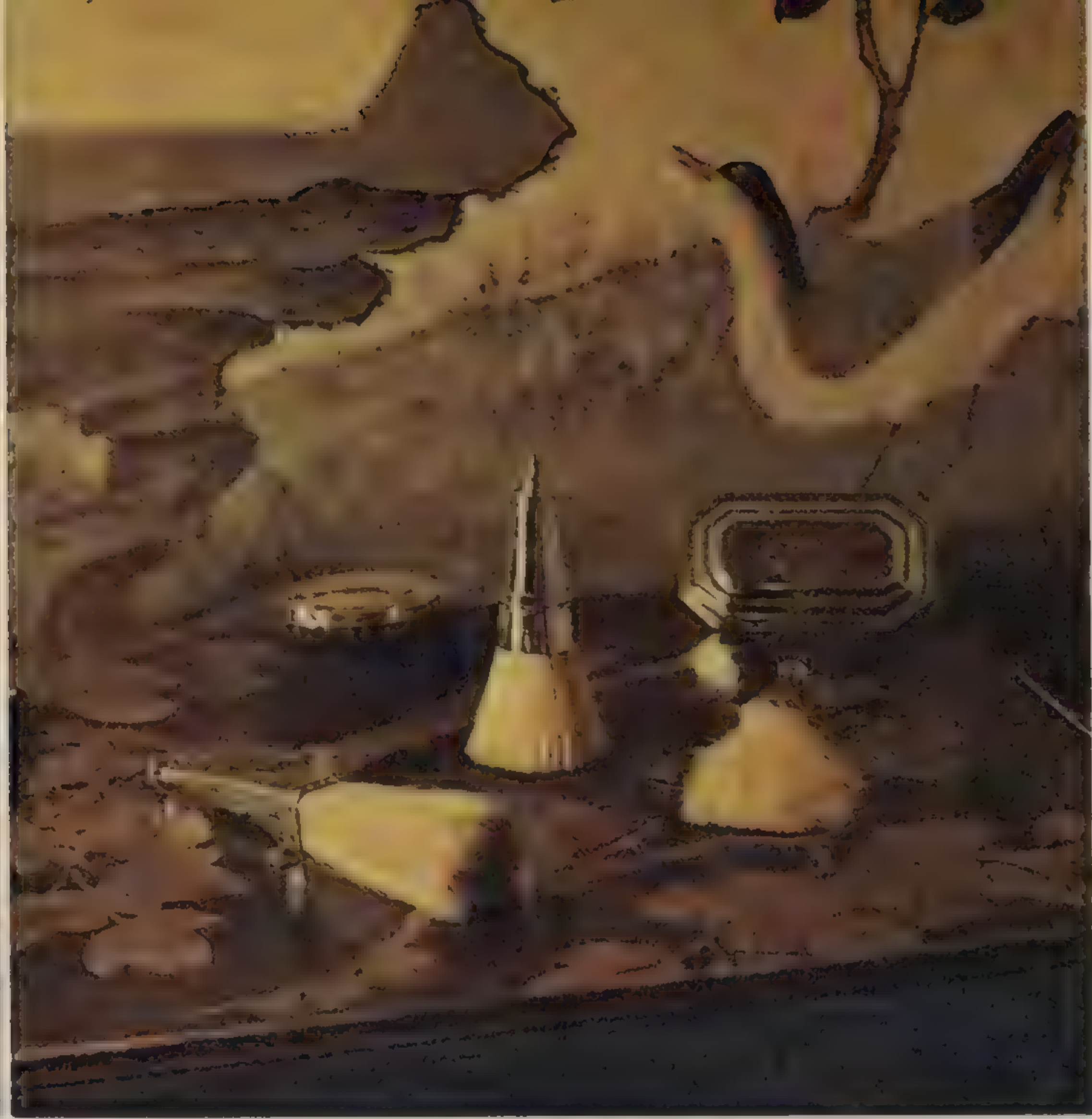
Left, the great French blue library with a wall-length sofa and an out-size chaise longue, in a room originally part of the farm buildings. In the photograph *right,* before a luncheon, two famous wines, Mouton Rothschild and Cheval Blanc, being *chambrés* in magnum-size carafes designed by Baron de Rothschild. Their red neckerchiefs, to prevent dripping when the wine is served, were designed by Baroness de Rothschild.











CHÂTEAU DE MOUTON Continued

Top row, left to right:

Baron de Rothschild with his small granddaughter, Camille, and Gogo the golden retriever, outside the Château.

Still life of English and Dutch seventeenth-century silver brushes, against a background of an eighteenth-century Chinese paper panel in the new bedroom of the Baroness de Rothschild.

Table setting for luncheon: in centre, peach blossoms, jonquils, whitethorn, and sea sage on a moss foundation.

Butler's white-gloved hand pouring liqueurs: Framboise, Mirabelle, Kirsch.

Second row, left to right:

For luncheon on outdoor terrace: white heather and blue-and-white Delft vases.

Balustrade—trompe-l'oeil red-ochre, white-grey marble; reverse stairway.

Doves and watchdogs at the entrance.

Marie, the flower-arranger, taught by the Baroness, gathering peach blossoms and pine for one of her masterpieces.

Third row, left to right:

Still life in bathroom: vermeil boxes, wicker baskets, gilt handles like lemons.

Tortoiseshell still life: including a seventeenth-century Dutch miniature cabinet and candlestick, a tortoise snuffbox, all on a Chinese black lacquer table.

After luncheon: speckled tulips, brown Paisley-patterned cloth, with one of a vast collection of different coffee cups.

Lippold's "Cortège" in the living room.



CHÂTEAU DE MOUTON

Continued

Above: Baroness de Rothschild in front of a rare seventeenth-century Beauvais tapestry in their extraordinary *Musée du Vin dans l'Art* installed in a former wine cellar under a wing of the Château. *Opposite:* A rich nineteenth-century French and English extravaganza—filled with Victorian needlework and beadwork, embroidered cushions, footstools, and bell-pulls. This part of the Château is done throughout in English Victorian and Second Empire—full of colour and fantasy and extremely comfortable, cheerful, and gay. During World War II the Château was partially gutted when first German troops and then the French *Maquis* occupied Mouton. *Below:* Nineteenth-century French and English still life—beaded chair back, with balls originally used for wigs, then for hats, and now for decoration.







CHÂTEAU DE MOUTON

Continued

Above: Baroness de Rothschild in the Second Empire fantasy drawing room; on the ornamented silk fire screen, a portrait of Queen Victoria and crown. *Opposite:* The Baron de Rothschild's tapestry evening slipper on a mid-nineteenth-century carpet (with an over-life-size figure of Napoleon III) commemorating a Franco-British Treaty of Commerce. *Below:* On the same carpet: Napoleon III's boots, a beadwork Victorian footstool, and another evening slipper, this one of beadwork like the stool. This extraordinary room is dominated by a great portrait of Baron Philippe's mother. Painted about 1900 by Flameng, the portrait hung there throughout the war, and departing Germans and the *Maquis* in turn placed in front of it large vases of flowers.





VOGUE
PATTERNS





VOGUE PATTERN 5917

Tailoring— beginning on paper

Here and on the next two pages, four patterns to rush to the best tailor you know. The tailor's hand is what's wanted to give these their line—their roll of collar, curve of seam. All are eased with the precision that's born of time spent. The time to start is now: great tailoring takes time... and it takes fabrics worthy of a second look almost before the first cut is made, q.v., these four pages (and all the pages of Vogue's new *Sewing Book*, where proper tailoring is spelled out, term for term). Carved white Melton coat, opposite, buttoned once, the collar slightly stand-offish and notched; the sleeves, three-quarter. Under the coat, a lacquered black dress, taking its shape from the coat. To add—grey gloves and small pearl earrings. Vogue Pattern 1252. Both by Mattli of London. Dress of Antron nylon and silk (Chardon-Marché fabric). Coat, of Anglo wool. Earrings by Accessocraft. Pullover and skirt, above, in thickly textured white wool with a depth of basketry weave. The sleeves: fullish. Nip them in at the wristbone with leather-linked French cuffs. More leather buttons at the neck, which rolls away from the collarbone. Slim skirt, eased in front. Shown with a visored cap in the same fabric, textured brown stockings, pigskin and jersey gloves. Vogue Pattern 5917. Forstmann fabric. Earrings by Robert Originals; Gloves by Fuchs. Both at Lord & Taylor. Hat by Adolfo. All fabrics at Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field; Bullock's, Downtown. Other views, yardages, page 117.

HORST



VOGUE PATTERN 1258

Tailoring— more paperwork

Black and white suit, opposite, in a mid-weight hound's-tooth check of Orlon and wool. The jacket slightly funnel-necked to imply length. Neckband closes on the sly. Two globe buttons take care of the front. Full shirt sleeves fall from slightly dropped shoulders and are gathered on a banded cuff. The easy skirt is a natural for black diamond-textured stockings. These, by Francessa. The white kidskin hat, tip-tilted, is by Sally Victor. Fuchs pigskin wristbone gloves—white on top, black jersey for the palms—at Lord & Taylor. The suit, of Bellaine fabric. Vogue Pattern 5945. Blistered white matelassé, above, for six and on. Extended cap sleeves. High-rising waist ties in back over released-dart pleats. Shoulder-to-hip seams curve in gently, but precisely, in front. Give this lots of grey: silvery-grey beads, gloves, and newer than nude textured stockings of pale smoke. Vogue Paris Original Design 1258, by Jacques Heim, in Onondaga matelassé of Enka rayon and Celanese acetate. Triumph stockings. Gloves by Aris, at Lord & Taylor. All zebra skins by Fleming-Joffe. All fabrics at Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field; Bullock's, Downtown. Other views, page 117.



A FETE CHAMPETRE FOR TWELVE

To go all out in the open—to a forest, a meadow, a patio—this food should go out in style. Like the fêtes in an eighteenth-century fête champêtre painting, this one calls for the best silver, the gayest china, the prettiest crystal pitchers—these in this case to pour Bowle, an Austrian merger of champagne. Moselle wine, and brandy, afloat with strawberries and peaches.

VOGUE'S OWN MENU

MENU

BOWLE

COLD PLUM SOUP*

CHICKEN BREASTS CHAUD-FROID

HAM BOURGUIGNON*

SLICED YELLOW TOMATOES*
(with parsley dressing)

MACÉDOINE OF VEGETABLES MAYONNAISE

BOURBON BAKED BEANS*

ROUND LOAVES OF CRUSTY BREAD

POTS OF SWEET BUTTER

CROCK OF STILTON CHEESE IN BRANDY.

COEUR À LA CRÈME*
(with strawberries)

VOGUE'S OWN RECIPE

COLD PLUM SOUP

FOR TWELVE PEOPLE

2 pounds red plums	1/4 cup granulated sugar
6 cups chicken broth	3 cloves
2 tablespoons fine tapioca	1 lemon, sliced paper-thin and seeded
2 cups sauterne wine	3/4 cup toasted, slivered almonds
Salt, cayenne, dash of nutmeg	

Bring 2 cups of chicken broth to a boil and trickle in the tapioca, stirring to prevent sticking. Simmer until transparent. In another pan, combine the washed and stemmed plums, the rest of the chicken broth, the wine, sugar, cloves, and lemon. Simmer for 10 to 15 minutes or until plums are tender. Remove the plums, cut them in half and discard stones. Return plum halves to mixture and season with a little salt, cayenne, a dash of nutmeg. Combine with tapioca-broth mixture. Chill several hours. Serve in chilled cups with a sprinkling of toasted almonds.

VOGUE'S OWN RECIPE

HAM BOURGUIGNON

FOR TWELVE PEOPLE

1 10-pound pre-cooked ham	Bouquet Garni: 2 carrots, 1 large
1 veal knuckle	onion stuck with 3 cloves, celery
2 calf's feet, cleaned and split—	stalk with leaves, tarragon, chervil,
or 1 package unflavoured gelatin	garlic clove, 1 bay leaf, 10 peppercorns,
for each 2 cups of liquid	all in a cheesecloth bag
2 bottles white Burgundy wine	1/2 cup chopped parsley
6 shallots	4 slightly-beaten egg whites and crushed shells

The day before, place everything except the parsley and the eggs in a large saucepan. Add enough water to cover ham. Cover and simmer slowly for 2 1/2 hours, or until ham is loose on the bone. Remove the ham. Strain the broth into a clean saucepan. Clarify by adding egg whites and shells and simmering for 25 minutes. Strain carefully through a wet cloth. Bone the ham and pack into a serving bowl. When the broth begins to set, mix with parsley. Pour over the ham. Chill thoroughly. Before serving, remove any fat from the top of the jelly. Sprinkle with fresh parsley. Slice and serve from the bowl.

VOGUE'S OWN RECIPE

SLICED YELLOW TOMATOES WITH PARSLEY DRESSING

FOR TWELVE PEOPLE

12 perfect yellow tomatoes	3 cloves garlic, minced
1 Bermuda onion, thin-sliced	1 cup olive oil
4 bunches parsley	4 hard-boiled eggs, chopped
3/4 cup soft bread crumbs	Salt and pepper

Wash and dry the tomatoes. Cut in 1/4-inch slices. Layer with onion slices on a platter, sprinkling each layer liberally with salt. Place a weight over the tomatoes and onions for 2 hours. Drain well and chill. To make Parsley Dressing: Wash and dry the parsley well. Remove all hard stems and mince on a wooden board until it looks like green velvet. Soak the bread crumbs until soft in the oil. Combine everything and season. Keep cool in closed jar until needed. Pass in a sauceboat with the salad.

VOGUE'S OWN RECIPE

BOURBON BAKED BEANS

FOR TWELVE PEOPLE

4 cans Boston baked beans	1/3 cup Bourbon
3/4 teaspoon dry mustard	1/3 cup strong coffee
1/2 cup chili sauce	12 slices canned pineapple
1 tablespoon molasses	Brown sugar

Place everything except the pineapple and the brown sugar in a baking dish. Cover and let stand at room temperature for 3 hours. Preheat oven to 375°, and bake, covered, for 30 minutes. Arrange pineapple slices on beans, brush them with brown sugar, and bake uncovered for another 40 minutes.

VOGUE'S OWN RECIPE

COEUR À LA CRÈME

FOR TWELVE PEOPLE

1 pound cream cheese	1 cup heavy cream
1 pound creamed cottage cheese	4 tablespoons honey

Pass the cottage cheese through a fine strainer. Mix well with softened cream cheese, cream, and honey. Or put all through a blender until smooth. Pour into a large heart-shaped mould with holes for drainage, lined with a dampened piece of cheesecloth large enough to fold over the cheese. Close the cheesecloth tightly over the mixture, packing it down with the hands. Place the mould on a plate to drain and chill overnight. At serving time, unmould and serve with wild strawberry preserves, or fresh strawberries and a pitcher of sweet cream, or a bowl of sour cream.

POWER OF DREAMS

(Continued from page 87)

than to have become even more incomparably Pauline. As always, a kind of uniquely personal sunlight streams from her welcome, none the less warm for its suggestion that before one's arrival she had been perfectly happily engaged in secret woods and shadows of her own.

Progressively one has noted again the other attributes one remembers—the elegant legs and feet; the silk scarfs knotted and re-knotted at her neck; the profile, part proud and part vulnerable; the pensive eye that misses nothing; the voice that is both soft and resonant (that wonderful voice that used to be the prerogative of American women brought up in Italy or France); the uncanny ability to dominate a room from a footstool; the yielding sensitivity and thrusting mental keenness; the devastating turn of phrase and the cascades of self-mocking laughter. All are here. Yet all as though only now at long last in their natural element, enclosed in their predestined setting, observed for the first time with perfect clarity: unfolded, enhanced, complete.

A little later, Philippe de Rothschild, her husband, enters. Even in a family once famous for inbreeding, he is exceptionally endowed with Rothschild blood; he is descended from the redoubtable Nathan Mayer, founder of the English branch. But he is equally descended from Baroness James of the French branch, the literary and musical hostess whom Ingres painted; and from her daughter, Madame Nathaniel, to whom Chopin dedicated his haunting C sharp minor Waltz. His father wrote plays; and he himself, as the translator of Christopher Fry, has had his work performed at the Théâtre de l'Odéon.

Knowing from hearsay that he is one of those men whose clothes are in the care of a maid and not a valet, one enjoys appraising his way of dressing. A velvet coat, a silk shirt and scarf, trousers with a pattern

between tartan and checks: all in shades of taupe and beige and snuff-brown. Signs, if they were needed, of the family sense of quality. But his is also a genuinely original character, ingenious, inventive, humorous and fantastic on occasion. And even—if one were to credit certain legends—obstinate and difficult at times. Yet how soon one senses that any obstinacy or difficulty lurking here is of that signally rewarding kind that blossoms into joyful pliability at the first contact with comprehension and responds to friendship with friendship and to love with love.

Though Mouton had belonged to his family for many years, the château was a neglected adjunct of the vineyard when Philippe first came there at the age of twenty-one. Soon after that he decided to live there, to manage the property himself, install offices, rebuild the *chais*, and begin the long struggle for recognition of his wine's claim to classification among the *premiers grands crus* or first great wines of France, a struggle that he continues with ebullience and obstinacy to this day.

In World War II, after serving in the French Army, he suffered the family's vicissitudes, including imprisonment. He lost almost all of his furniture and possessions in those years; but today he doesn't say much about the war. Lack of bitterness can sometimes be seen to be a positive characteristic, closely related to a constructive state of mind. Philippe de Rothschild at the war's end employed the German prisoners at Mouton to build a beautiful new drive.

He had brought back from the war not only fresh energy but fresh ideas. From 1945 onward, the labels on his bottles have been designed each year by a different contemporary artist of international renown; the best in wine, matched and ennobled by the best in art. And from the same period came his idea of forming at Mouton the

Musée du Vin dans l'Art, a unique private collection of works of art, of all cultures and ages, having a connection with the production and enjoyment of wine.

The imagined museum has become a breath-taking reality since his marriage in 1954 to Pauline Potter. She has shared the doubts and delights of collecting, helped to design and decorate the setting, made learned researches into the origins and histories of every object, and catalogued the collection. Today it ranges, richly and romantically, from a Sumerian wine cup through more than five millennia to Richard Lippold's "Spirit Vine," specially commissioned and assembled on the spot in 1960—immaculate in gold, enamelled copper, steel, and brass.

But Pauline de Rothschild's contribution to Mouton extends infinitely far beyond the Museum. Though it would be misleading, if not invidious, to suggest that she has recreated Mouton in her image, she has in fact given herself to it, and in so doing has brought Mouton to give itself to her, as it had already given itself to her husband. And today it would be as unthinkable without her as without him.

His own qualities of energy and idealism and originality, and the almost extravagant assemblage of corresponding qualities that is essentially her own—taste and cool intelligence, limitless imagination and reckless love—have together found expression in their combined aim: to build a house which would be beautiful, filled with beautiful objects, a setting for a beautiful way of living, conducive to beautiful ideas and producing beautiful work. It is a plan defiantly ambitious, almost outrageously aesthetic. Yet no one who has stayed at Mouton can be unaware that the plan is being realized. Nor is it by any means as escapist as it might sound. Just as the beams of the Museum are stained an indeli-

(Continued on page 104)

Justin McCarty



Justin McCarty's Sweater Suit in its most relaxed version. An imported worsted double knit in three pieces: creamy white shell blouse, matching the cuffs on the overblouse jacket, which zips up the back to spare your hairdo. Brown, red, blue. Sizes 6-16. \$65

NEIMAN-MARCUS
DALLAS • FORT WORTH • HOUSTON



The intimate
"petite bath"
you can carry
in your purse!

Bidette.

refreshing...reassuring...convenient

... the soft, soothing, lint-free cloth pre-moistened with a mildly medicated lotion that cleanses and helps remove the common causes of odor from the most sensitive feminine areas... safely, swiftly, and oh, so refreshingly!

Foil-wrapped for purse or pocket and disposable as a tissue, Bidette is the new convenience in intimate care so long wanted by fastidious women... the way to feel really clean, really refreshed anytime of day, every day of the month.

Bidette is ideal at bedtime; during menstruation; when activity, weather or stress suggest a need for extra caution; when travelling; while ill or confined... or any time the desire for really complete feminine assurance arises.

One dozen 85¢, or save 20¢ by buying the new 24-packet economy box for \$1.50 at your drugstore. For this lovely re-fillable Purse-Pack with 3 Bidette samples and literature, send just 25¢ with coupon.



With Bidette
in your purse,
you need never
be in doubt!

Dept. V-1, P.O. Box 2300
G.P.O., New York 1

I enclose 25¢ to cover postage and handling.
Send Bidette Purse Pack, samples & literature.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

POWER OF DREAMS

(Continued from page 103)

ble purple by the emanations of more than a century of wine, so everything else about modern Mouton has an almost palpable connection with the original Mouton's earthy *raison d'être*. A well-used door in a wall leads straight on to a well-used path through the vineyards: a reminder that culture is most admirable when it acknowledges its ancient natural foundations. Everywhere there are reminders that it is from the basis of patient husbandry that imagination best soars.

Estate carpenters working on an architectural addition or enlargement, women appearing among the vines from nowhere, tying something up and vanishing again, an intermittent stream of gardeners and children along the drive—these are the daily accompaniments of life at Mouton. Pauline de Rothschild of all people is alive to the charm of this entourage.

But she is also too practical, and too American, not to have taken a hand in modernizing the living conditions of Mouton's workers. Today their beautiful little stone houses are equipped with contemporary kitchens and bathrooms. No one on the estate ever refers to the owners as anything but Monsieur le Baron and Madame la Baronne. Yet curiously the dated courtesy suggests that in spite of current clichés, respect and self-respect are ultimately synonymous.

Philippe and Pauline de Rothschild are at Mouton for the wine harvest in September; and again from December until early April. In all, they are only at Mouton for less than half the year. But in essence it is their principal joint headquarters. (In Paris, although they meet each day for meals and expeditions and frequently for week-ends, they have both kept on the apartments they lived in before their marriage; he on the avenue d'Iéna and she the rue Méchain.)

At Mouton they work separately in their rooms all morning; but usually with the doors open for conversation. Philippe

de Rothschild lies at work in a bed covered with letters, papers, books, and typescripts. He is liable to consult his wife at any time. Across the way, from among pillows and sheets threaded with wide, pale-blue ribbon, she acts as dictionary, encyclopaedia, information service, and literary critic—in the intervals of supervising and planning the household's activities for the day.

Menus are brought to her in bed. So is a book with photographs of the luncheon and dinner services (one hundred and seventy of them, all told), and other books with swatches of the tablecloths and napkins (an equally prodigious variety) to choose from for the day. Marie, the flower-arranger, telephones for instructions before going off on her little motor bicycle in search of moss and branches and blossoms.

Pauline de Rothschild's views are apt to be as categorical on the meaning of words and phrases as on table settings. The swatch books are full of pencilled remarks like "*mauvais avec les nappes vertes*," and Philippe's entire literary production of a morning will sometimes be dismissed simply with "No, I don't think that will do at all." He usually ends by conceding to her criticisms.

She reads widely and thoroughly and at all hours. The newly installed library at Grand Mouton combines luxury with learning, and order with variety. Below each set of shelves is a pull-out table to work on with a chair and a lamp and a pad and pencil. Books on the arts and travel and gardening predominate in her own personal section; but there is also an inexhaustible supply of the classics, the whole of the *Bibliothèque de la Pléiade*, and several feet (if not yards) of Stendhal, conveniently close to the immense blue-velvet sofa that stretches from end to end of the library wall.

Nearby, in the living room, is a smaller but even more characteristic collection: the sixteenth- and seventeenth-century

English poets whose works she and her husband are translating, cheek by cheek with Joyce, Aragon, Jean Genet, and *Zazie dans le Métro*. Like Dr. Samuel Johnson's impressively wide-bottomed chair and the ominously crowding shapes of Chadwick's "Teddy Boys" standing side by side in the same room, these disparate masterpieces look astonishingly like congenial neighbours.

In the dining room at Petit Mouton, hung with seventeenth-century Delft plates and plaques, banked with calla lilies, lined with a specially printed deep red cotton, there is the impression that one is sitting inside a glass of the famous wine. But lunch or dinner is actually laid at will in either of the two houses in any room and in any corner of a room.

Naturally, Philippe de Rothschild chooses the wines. At larger luncheons and dinners at least four wines will be served. First a white wine (Muscadet, Haut-Brion, Sylvaner, Traminer, perhaps) then two red wines (more often than not both Mouton Rothschild of years long famous or now coming into their own: 1870, 1888, 1911, or 1920), and finally an Yquem or a Suduiraut, served not just chilled but actually frozen. In contrast, when the Rothschilds are alone, neither of them drinks much wine, if any wine at all. Perhaps, at most, he will have a liqueur after dinner.

The interior of Grand Mouton today represents a unique marriage of traditional richness and contemporary freedom, scrupulous attention to detail and radiant exuberance. For weeks, the slightly irregular curve of the baroque stone staircase leading to the new rooms was carried out again and again in wood until at last the desired irregularity was discovered, then built and installed, and later enriched with a Picasso tapestry. For weeks, too, great strips of coloured paper hung in the living room before the right

(Continued on page 105)

**A RARE
OPPORTUNITY
TO REPRESENT
van dorn, ltd.
PUBLISHERS OF
AMERICA'S MOST
EMINENT LINE OF
CHRISTMAS
CARDS**

**COMMISSIONS
OF \$1000 OR MORE
PER YEAR CAN
BE YOURS!**

★
**WRITE TODAY
FOR FULL
INFORMATION**

DEPT. V

van dorn, ltd.

3931 W. Dickens Chicago 47, Illinois

ATTENTION SUBSCRIBERS!

If you're moving, if you've missed an issue, or for any reason wish to write us about your subscription, you'll insure prompt service by removing the address label pasted on your magazine and attaching it here.

**ATTACH
LABEL
HERE**

Please tell us 6 weeks before you change your address. Print your new address below, making sure to attach your magazine address label.

**MAIL TO:
VOGUE
BOULDER, COLORADO**

NAME

NEW ADDRESS

CITY ZONE STATE

POWER OF DREAMS

(Continued from page 104)

tones and proportions had been found for the red-and-blue oblongs of tiles that form the present floor.

At Mouton, they are seldom without guests. Politicians, in particular, gravitate towards them wherever they may be. Among their many intellectual friends are Alain Robbe-Grillet, Ionesco, Alain Daniélou, Nicolas Nabokov, Stephen Spender, Raymond Mortimer, Joxe, Malraux. Her French is as effortless and musical as her English. And her humour, no less than her eloquence, enables her to hold her own at any table, even in France. If she can avoid it, conversation will not cease to be general; and though she can appreciate a good Gallic monologue, she has her firm but gentle ways of preventing it from being endless.

Late at night, one watches Pauline de Rothschild filing up the forms of instructions to the staff about guests' breakfasts, noting that somebody wants cold milk with his coffee and that someone else's bacon must be *croustillant*. Her hand moves as swiftly as brilliant bureaucrats' or expert factory workers'.

In hospitality such as this, it is hard to say where efficiency ends and genius begins. On every hand, the simplest doors lead into rooms of startling magnificence. Even the Museum is approached through a plain cellar door in the *chai*. Ex-Cabinet Ministers hold forth unforgettably at the dinner table among wild flowers and twigs and mosses. The practical embraces the romantic. The ancient lies down with the modern. And though the dramatic contrasts are intentional, and even calculated, the result has about it the inevitability that is the mark of the masterpiece.

The ultimate in imagination seems less to contradict than to complement the ultimate in common sense. Above all, love in this house is a constant, conscious exercise in giving. And the private happiness of Mouton's owners becomes, with a perfectly natural magic, a cornu-

copia of happiness for others.

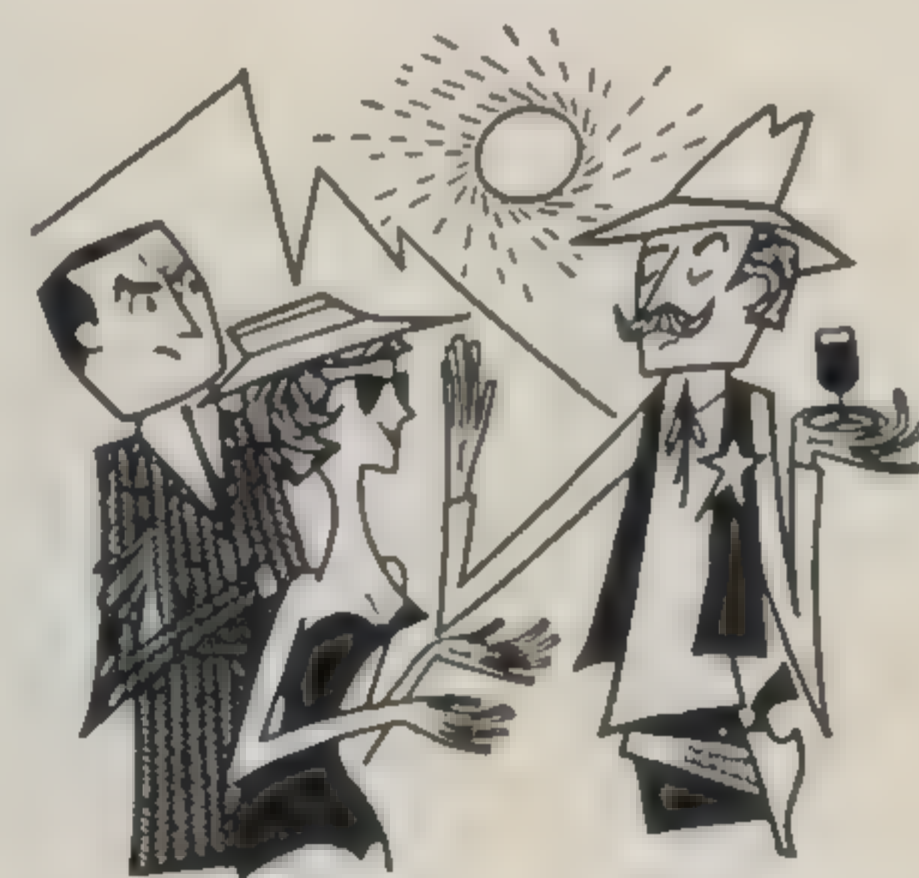
For one guest at least the cornucopia contains memories, among other things. Memories of Philippe de Rothschild in wartime London: one of those Frenchmen whose exile one had a selfish difficulty in regretting as much as one should, for he brought with him so much of what one liked best, and missed most, about the French in France. Memories of Pauline Potter in her house on East Seventieth Street sitting on the floor of a drawing room empty of all but peonies and beautifully piled books; and dreaming already—though one only knew it later—of exchanging New York for Paris.

And now, memories of both Philippe and Pauline de Rothschild, memories of the bedrooms they are planning and designing at Grand Mouton. Philippe de Rothschild's room, with seventeenth-century Dutch tortoiseshell cabinets and tall Delft vases, has window seats from which he can watch, and if necessary direct, the life of Mouton in the courtyard below. Across the passage, with windows looking onto the vines, Pauline de Rothschild's room is already hung with eighteenth-century Chinese paper panels of blossoming trees; and her bed is to have slender steel posts in the form of branches, painted like Canton enamel, with a baldachin at the four corners of which there will be bunches of Canton enamel leaves.

It is a setting that suggests the combined fantasy and neatness of a set of Chinese boxes—in a bed like an arbour sprouting, in a room that is like an orchard, in a château, in a vineyard, in France.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Valentine Lawford, an extremely observant man, a former British diplomat who has switched from watching countries to watching people, is the author of the authoritative book, *Bound for Diplomacy*, recently published in England, and here this month by Atlantic-Little, Brown.

So delicious they're banned in Las Vegas



We're teasing about the town but not about the taste! Cordials by Cointreau are delightfully, deliciously, delectably different. Enjoy them in main dishes, in desserts, neat after dinner. And, in the drink that's fast becoming a summer sensation: Café Cointreau.

Café Cointreau

Sweeten iced black coffee with 1½ oz. Cointreau Crème de Cacao. Stir, then top with whipped cream. Serve with a straw. (For gourmets at home, sweeten whipped cream, too, by adding Cointreau Crème de Cacao while beating.)



Café Cointreau is only one of many cooling summer drinks made with Cordials by Cointreau—drinks such as Sloe Gin Fizz, Crème de Menthe Frappé and Orange Cup Punch. For these and many other food and drink recipes, write for your free copy of "Gourmet's Guide" to Dept. 125.

Cointreau Ltd., Pennington, N. J.



Cordials by Cointreau, 50 to 80 proof.

influenced each other. After the Renaissance and with the advent of the Counter-Reformation, there took place in Italy a divorce between culture and society, the former tending towards Europe, the latter tying itself more and more to the temporal and religious interests of the Catholic church. This divorce, though now and then with ephemeral moments of agreement (as, for example in D'Annunzio), has become greater and greater. Anyone who knows the Italian aristocracy also knows that its contributions in the centuries after the Renaissance have never been either important or profound. In spite of some superficial experiences during the Enlightenment, Italian society, by the force of circumstances, never moved beyond Renaissance humanism, though this has become ever more pallid, bloodless, unconscious, and involuntary. As for Visconti, one might say that he has a fidelity to the Renaissance in his blood. A portrait of Luchino Visconti as a young man is enough to confirm this: in the clothes of four centuries ago, it could be a Titian painting of a young Renaissance prince.

Thus Luchino Visconti's artistic personality is born out of the conflict between the conscious and unconscious fidelity to the Renaissance and the longing for a social rebirth which would reform precisely that society which was the historic custodian of this heritage. If Visconti had not had this longing, he would have been a decadent and super-refined artist of the D'Annunzian type. In Visconti, however, the fidelity to the Italian tradition has as its counterpart a deep aspira-

tion to something different, indeed something opposed to it; in other words, there is conflict. Therefore, more than any other director in the Italian cinema, Visconti personifies the double aspect of contemporary Italy: on one side, a magnificent, glorious tradition which has by now almost fallen to the level of touristic folklore; on the other, a tenacious, invincible will toward revolutionary renewal.

Obviously, these two aspects are contradictory; but they are also the confirmation of the importance and authenticity of Visconti's artistic personality. Indeed, since it is true that contradictions are the guarantee of vitality, Visconti is a vital artist just because he is full of contradictions. Or, more accurately, the secret motor-force of his inspiration lies in the conflict between his ancestral tradition and his revolutionary hope, both of which are felt by him with equal intensity.

How do the two terms of this contradiction express themselves? The Renaissance and humanistic tradition expresses itself, quite obviously, in Visconti's liking for magnificent display, for decoration, for ornamentation, in short, for beauty; though not an avant-garde beauty, stylized and dehumanized, but rather a humanistic beauty, overflowing and uninhibited, and, precisely because of this, decadent and aesthetic. To this taste for humanistic beauty must also be traced Luchino Visconti's extreme carefulness, which might even be called an artisan finickiness. In fact the Renaissance conception of art implies an idea of formal perfection which can not but lead to the

loving care for the detail, to the contemplation of the ornate, to the yearning for the completely furbished and finished.

The other aspect, Visconti's revolutionary attitude, is expressed by two qualities. As we have already noted, Visconti has a highly developed social sense, which is not infrequent among aristocrats who, in fact, are more sensitive than any other class to social nuances and differences. Moreover, Visconti has a feeling for history. He is perhaps the only Italian movie director who can make an historical film which is historical not simply by virtue of the fact that the actors wear the costumes of the period but also for ideological reasons.

At this point it should be said that these two aspects of Visconti's art never appear separately. Visconti has never made a film which is only taste, decoration, magnificence, aestheticism; nor a single film which is only history and social concern. These two characteristics are always indissolubly confused and intertwined—a sure sign of their authenticity and sincerity. Sometimes one might think, especially in the openly social films, such as *Rocco and His Brothers*, that Visconti has forgotten his aestheticism; but this is an illusion. In the poor, the derelicts and outcasts of Visconti there is always, more or less evident, the Renaissance idea of formal perfection; an idea which represents the limits of both Visconti's realism and his social protest.

But here concrete examples will be more eloquent than any argument. Visconti is not a prolific director. On the contrary, he is one of the Italian directors who has worked less in response

to the opportunities offered by production and more in response to the needs of his own development. Visconti's social plea, bolstered by a technique which has been able to profit from the experiences of the French and American cinema of the thirties, exploded for the first time in *Ossessione*, the forerunner of Italian neo-realism. This story was based on James Cain's well-known novel, *The Postman Always Rings Twice*. It was a new kind of film for Fascist Italy which up until then had only turned out historical films or insipid little sentimental comedies. In that film Visconti's realism had neither the brutal and coarse quality of the American cinema nor the literary echoes of the French cinema; instead, it was veiled by a subtle, impalpable patina of Italian aestheticism wholly in keeping with the tradition of the distant Renaissance.

The various stages of Visconti's career prove this. *La Terra Trema*, (*The Earth Trembles*), derived from the famous novel, *I Malavoglia*, by Giovanni Verga, is a beautiful and important film in which the world of poor fishermen is seen through the filter of an aestheticizing contemplation. There followed *Bellissima* in which the vulgarity of the Roman movie-making milieu is viewed with cruel longing from a distance. Then, in *Senso*, Visconti appears for the first time as the director of an historical, costume film. It deals, true enough, with the history of the *Risorgimento*, for which Visconti has a special interest, perhaps because something of that century has been bequeathed to him by the Lombard tradition which is so imbued with the nineteenth century and the *Risorgimento*; yet

he sees this period with the eyes of a Renaissance artist. Italy's nineteenth century was poor, grey, modest; in *Senso*, a magnificent, violent, and decadent film, Visconti shows us the Renaissance fire that smouldered under the ashes of the bourgeois and liberal century. *Senso*, in my opinion Visconti's best film before *The Leopard*, was followed by *White Nights*, a theatrical film, taken from Dostoevsky's novel. Then came *Rocco and His Brothers*, a film about the internal migration of Southern Italians to Milan, in which the marriage of aestheticism to social polemic is perhaps more stridently at odds and less convincing than in any other of Visconti's works. And finally *The Leopard*.

With *The Leopard*, Visconti has unquestionably made his best film; that is, the film in which his Renaissance taste for magnificent display, ornamentation, and formal perfection fuses best with his sensitivity to social fact, with his historical compassion. This positive result is due to many elements: the fact that the film is laid in Sicily and in an aristocratic Sicilian milieu, that is, in a region and a milieu which more than any other have conserved the characteristics of the ancient Italy of the Renaissance; the fact that it is a story of the nineteenth century, the century, as we have already remarked in speaking of *Senso*, for which Visconti has a special predilection and understanding; the fact that Sicily is the most irremediably backward Italian region, feudal and fossilized, such as to constitute in itself a stimulus to Visconti's social and political polemic; the fact that Sicily is also the region in which certain patriarchal and fondly

protective traits of aristocratic society have been preserved better than elsewhere. Finally, the fact that in speaking of Sicily where the vices and virtues are, so to say, the Italian vices and virtues seen through a magnifying glass, Visconti could in a certain sense speak of all of Italy.

But above all what has favoured Visconti in *The Leopard* is the presence of a protagonist like the Prince of Salina. This character, melancholy and sanguine, reactionary and revolutionary, skeptical and sorrowful, worldly and cultured, both Renaissance and modern at the same time, has permitted Visconti to achieve the result to which all artists aspire: to identify himself with his work, to express himself as completely as possible through this work, to give a portrait of himself in his work. In reality the Prince of Salina does not resemble Visconti; yet Visconti who has always found it rather difficult, almost impossible, to speak of himself, this time for a quantity of reasons which range from his social origins to his political experience, has succeeded, as never before, in letting his blood run easily and abundantly through the veins of a character. In fact each time that the Prince of Salina enters on the scene, Visconti goes unerringly to the human truth of the character with a delicate felicity, a poetic measure, an absolutely convincing emotion and assurance. Salina is a first-rate, full-length portrait; only Visconti the aristocrat and revolutionary could with so much subtlety gauge the exact degree of the Prince's skepticism and saddened nostalgia when confronted by the social and political problems of his

epoch, not to speak of the almost Proustian richness of shading with which he paints the Prince's social and familial personality.

The Leopard is, therefore, until now the work in which Visconti's contradictions are most effectively resolved. Profound contradictions have often compromised the artistic outcome in Visconti's preceding films. Yet Visconti has remained faithful to his contradictions and in this fidelity must be seen the proof of his artistic authenticity. Indeed, it is in the very nature of art not to suppress the contradictions which exist in reality but to respect them, and, insofar as it is possible, to express them. Luchino Visconti is a personification of the Italian conflict; and *The Leopard* is the faithful and felicitous portrait of this conflict.

TRANSLATED BY
RAYMOND ROSENTHAL

EDITOR'S NOTE: Some of Alberto Moravia's famously sensitive, sensual novels—*Two Women*, for one—have become important movies. These are perhaps the only important movies he doesn't write about in his weekly column of film criticism, done for many years, for the Italian magazine, *L'Espresso*. Moravia works at his typewriter in the morning. "I have never written anything in the afternoon or night." The prodigious issue of mornings at the Moravia house in Rome includes—in addition to novels, movie critiques, and certain out-of-the-ordinary books like the recent one on Claudia Cardinale—short stories, plays, and the transformation of his books-into-his-movies. The Moravia film from Moravia novel with Moravia movie script in work now: *The Empty Canvas*.



long
slim
sliver
of
beauty

Marja

APHRODITE

Don't, please, think you can relax with the 'relaxed silhouette'. You need the svelte unbroken line that Aphrodite gives... a long, lean well-figured look; blissfully comfortable in featherweight elastic Lycra Spandex, nylon front zipper. B, C, D cups. 32-42. \$22.50

at the finest stores, or write
MARJA BRASSIERES • JACKSONVILLE, TEXAS

POP goes the Piper



PIPER-HEIDSIECK
CHAMPAGNE

*...no wonder the French
never drink water*

CHAMPAGNE AVAILABLE IN PIPER BRUT 1959 VINTAGE,
PIPER EXTRA DRY NON-VINTAGE,
CUVEE DES AMBASSADEURS AND PIPER PINK.

RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

BEAUTY BULLETIN

(Continued from page 71)

Half of what people get out of an exercise class is a far brighter and better skin.

Clean hair. Two things—apart from brushing, or owning a naturally marvellous scalp—go into this: strength of hands; quality of product used. Given our choice of anyone to wash our hair, we'll ask every time to be assigned the most strapping operator in the salon. For a deep, ringing scalp massage, few women have the towering strength required—though we did find in a West Coast beauty salon a deceptively lily-fingered Japanese girl who could arrange hair as delicately as a prize flower display, but also ran a close second to the most powerful shampoo hands we've ever encountered . . . As for the products to be used toward clean hair: there are cold shampoos, hot shampoos, but in either case, we apply the same rule-of-thumb that goes for soap: an airy, peaky, bubble-bath head of foam does not necessarily mean shampoo superiority. A creamy lather tends to mean more—and may indicate the presence of less detergent. . . . For heft, spring, body—all of which denote hair health—even medium-good hair ought to get a special treatment from time to time just to set a working standard for how things could be at their best. Revlon's Flex is a superb protein corrective to use before, during, or after a shampoo. Clairol's superb Condition applied to hair after hair colouring, is left on twenty minutes, then rinsed out; requires no heat. Of the put-it-on, sit-under-a-heat-cap treatments, one especially worth knowing about is the Restor treatment, by Buty-Wave. Whatever the magic of this treatment (and we understand no one has been able to break down the formula yet), it's a form of magic practised only at beauty salons and next to a permanent wave may be one of the greatest body-builders available for hair. . . . For hair that presents suddenly and

unaccountably a little patch of what appears to be dandruff, the quickest temporary clean-up we know is Ogilvie Sisters' Dandruff Treatment. A daily dabbing of that liquid on the troubled spot usually gets one through the day without further notice. Continuing trouble means trouble; see your hairdresser or dermatologist.

Clean hairline. With hair mostly swinging down all around, now, a charming shoreline at the nape of the neck isn't a must, but for the woman who's making a project of perfection, a depilatory can be made to draw a new hairline here. Our own threshold-of-pain meter (admittedly set rather low) says: this treatment hurts. Therefore, it shouldn't be done by anyone except a salon expert.

Clean arms and legs. As far as legs are concerned, we won't enter the senate chambers with views about shaving versus depilating. Most women use razors, electric or non, and when they get into trouble with an oversharper blade, it's usually because they haven't realized that skin on the legs is not all of uniform consistency. There are thin-skinned areas (go lightly, go carefully); there are tougher areas (back of the calf). For women who haven't tumbled to the electric-razor idea, Ever-sharp has a new, deft, long-handled safety razor for women, with what may be the sharpest blade around. And Frances Denney has a shaving lotion called Strictly for Girls which slicks up matters before and after shave and contains a styptic ingredient to stop bleeding on the spot. The argument for depilating is, of course, the fineness of the eventual regrowth—a fineness that's further self-liquidating in that nylon stockings can buff down soft fuzz as it regrows. For depilating arms, there's only one choice: a depilatory.

Clean hands. We won't go into the business of tobacco stains, et cetera; everyone knows these need to be dealt with daily.

What's a little trickier is management of brown spots on the backs of hands, and one well-known doer of good for this is Esotérica. What's even better (since it helps prevent the spots in the first place) is to be gloved for golf, gardening, sailing, and we're delighted to see that Saks Fifth Avenue has made a thing of active-sports gloves.

Clean to the ground. About *Pretty Feet*, you know—it's the classic skin-of-the-foot-refiner; operates also very well on coarsened elbows and darkened knees. But Dekal we doubt you do know since it's not widely distributed (though it's now at Bonwit Teller, we're told). It takes a different approach to foot softening: a green, waxy cream that reminds us rather of cuticle cream, it cloaks the foot in softness. Finally, there's a splendid talcum powder to aim especially at the feet: Germaine Monteil's Royal Secret-scented Powder Mist shoots an icy spray at the area you choose, then dries to a fine, frosty finish with this pleasant side effect: no tendency to transfer itself to clothing.

Details about some of the products named in this Bulletin: The deep-skin cleanser described on page 68 is by and at Ella Baché; her address, 24 East 55th Street, N.Y. 22. The whole treatment can be had for \$20, which includes six vials of Peau Neuve, the special follow-up cream, and a cake of oatmeal soap—as well as postage.

The sea-mist skin idea by Dorothy Gray includes three products, all designed for skins that can't get enough moisture; all adored. There's a moisturizing cream; a moisturizing emulsion (if you prefer liquid to cream); and a tinted make-up foundation built on the Secret of the Sea formulation. The latter comes in a fluted white porcelain jar so charming you might just want it even if your skin's not faced with constant dryness.

"THE NEW UPPER CLASS, THE KIDS"

(Continued from page 47)

our nation resides. The Prosecution claims that they are a minority and that the majority—the roamers of streets, the gatherers at street corners, the loungers on steps—are a destructive force against the fabric of our society by virtue or evil of their inflated importance. In their precocious claim to adult status, in their premature worldliness, they have lost the innocence which is not only the child's birthright but prime requisite for basic rectitude.

Now I am sure I can anticipate the summation for the Defense of the Child as Master. My distinguished antagonist will use the word "freedom" lavishly. The child must be free to grow. The child must be free to express himself. The child must be free to be free. And the Defense will doubtless cite the grievous psychic wounds inflicted by discipline, by denial, by parental ukase of any sort.

The Defense, if I may say so, is behind the times. For there is a revolt brewing. To a growing number of adults, the reign of the child and teen-ager has become insupportable and hence near termination.

What is more, there is a distinct lack of evidence that the young who have been catered to in every way grow up to be better or more mature or productive adults than their less favoured elders. Distinguished psychologists, in fact, are now beginning to question whether the objects of continual maternal attention and day-long presence are better off than children brought up partly by others, or for that matter, in the well-staffed day nurseries used in other civilized societies.

That distinguished American citizen Winston Churchill was, like many great persons, reared to a large extent by governesses and tutors; vanished breeds, to be sure, but an indication that mothers are not necessarily always best fitted to raise their own.

There is one more point, in conclusion, which the Prosecution finds it pertinent to raise. It is simply this: that parents

are being outnumbered. In their indulgence of large families they have reaped their own whirlwind; or to be more literal, contributed to an imbalance of nature for which not only they, but future generations will pay. The child has become father to the man.

It is the Prosecution's intention to reverse this condition. I ask you now, therefore, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, to return a verdict of guilty against the defendant.

It is for the Judge, of course, to deliver the sentence. Yet irregular as it is for the Prosecution to do so, we submit a few suggestions for the rehabilitation of the young defendant:

From the ages of four to twelve, all decisions concerning diet, clothing, household products, vacations, television, movies, schools, and reading are to be made by the parents without consultation with the young.

From the ages of twelve to sixteen, the same decisions are to be made by the parents after consultation, but not necessarily in agreement with the young.

No teen-ager under eighteen is permitted to own a car or to use the family car except in cases of emergency. Defendant is to walk or take public transit for all other purposes, including dating.

Defendant is to rise when adults come into the room and leave it when adults ask him to. The destruction of adult conversation by childish chatter is an act of sabotage punishable by expulsion.

Girls are to be forbidden cosmetic aids or professional hair-care until the age of sixteen, and then only for special social occasions.

If by no other virtue than superior age and experience, the adult is to be reinstated to his rightful position of importance in the family, the community, and the nation.

The Prosecution finally suggests that the verdict of guilty be accompanied by a recommendation for mercy. The Prosecution has four delightful children who will otherwise lynch him when he gets home.



Why do you buy Brand Names? Because you trust them. You know that they are consistently good, that they always meet the high standards of quality you've set for yourself and your family. You'll find Brand Name products wherever you go. No guesswork shopping. Like good friends, they're always there.

The Brand Name manufacturer has built a reputation. He must maintain it, so he keeps his standards high, and strives constantly to make his product better. He's always first with new products and ideas. He employs lots of people. He helps balance the economy. You depend on him. He depends on you. *Know* your brands, and buy the brands you *know*. You'll find some of them on the pages of this magazine.

A Brand Name is a maker's reputation

Brand Names Foundation, Inc., 437 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.

MONEY FOR YOURSELF... YOUR ORGANIZATION



Show wonderful new Original deluxe personal Christmas greetings. Over 60 thrilling new EXCLUSIVE designs—master-crafted on the finest of printing papers—rich water color printings, special foil inlays and a host of other fine features you'll find only in Original cards. The sentiment and name imprint inside the cards actually compliment the design. Truly the finest personal Christmas cards in America.

**EARN EASILY
\$500-\$1000**

You or your organization can earn easily \$500-\$1000 even more. It's fun—it's easy. Send today for a sample kit—all you need to start earning money. A Free book on fund raising is available on request.

SEND FOR SAMPLES TODAY

EXCLUSIVE DEALERSHIPS AVAILABLE

ORIGINAL GREETING CARDS INC.

512 E. Highland Dr., Rochester 10, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

Please send me DELUXE SAMPLE KIT

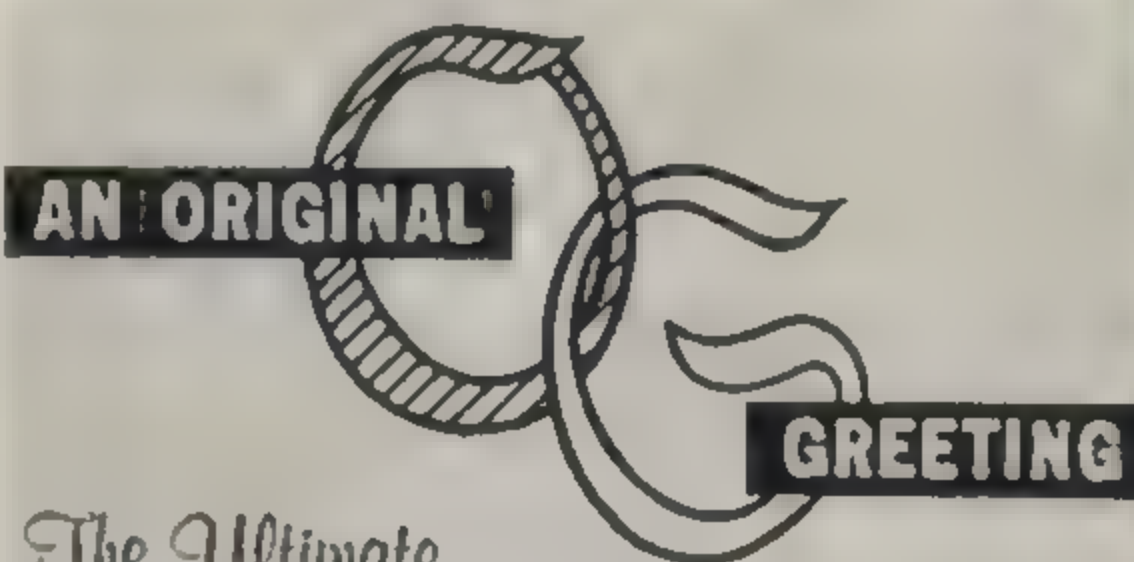
☐ Check here if organization

If I decide not to accept your offer, I will return the kit at your expense.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....



The Ultimate
In Fine Personal Christmas Greetings

Money for you...
your organization



with *Peerless*
**Christmas
Cards**

Add to your income with these exclusive, fine quality Personal Christmas Cards—a wide range of design and price for the most discriminating buyers. Also outstanding selection of Popular Priced Personal Christmas Cards, Holiday Gift Wrappings and fine Personal Stationery. There is no better or easier way to earn extra money.

Send Today for Samples on Approval
with Complete Details



PEERLESS GREETINGS

161 West Huron Street, Dept. V, Chicago 10, Ill.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Zone ----- State _____

'BRELLA WRAP..

Your umbrella becomes a high-fashion accessory in this jewelled, hand-crocheted protector. Fits all sizes. Order several to match every color in your wardrobe.

White, Black and Red **\$3.98***
Metallic, Gold and Silver **\$4.98***

(Any color upon request)

Umbrella included—black or white, all-nylon—\$6.00 extra.

*Price includes tax and postage
Send check or money order
COD orders accepted

GOLDEN HAND BOUTIQUE
5841 Southwest 73rd Street
South Miami, Florida

SWIM EZY

invisible swim aid

**NON-SWIMMERS
SWIM INSTANTLY**

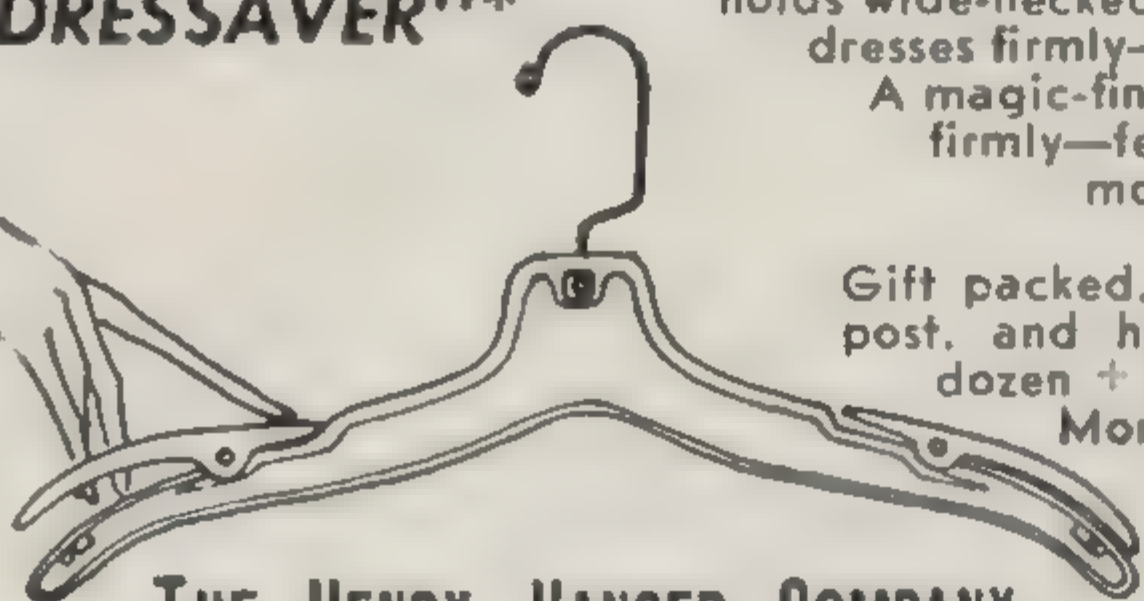
Yes, now, you too, can swim like a fish the easy, safe way—FAST—and join the water fun. New, unique 4 oz. device, 1/25" thin, worn INVISIBLE under bathing suit or swim trunks, floats you at ease, with little effort, is comfortable all day. No more fear of deep water, it makes anyone unsinkable. Poor swimmers look like champions, good swimmers use less strain. Order your original "SWIM-EZY" today for a new kind of water pleasure, lasts for years. Made in U.S. Pat. pend. Send only \$7.95 ppd., +32c tax in Calif. 10 day trial guaranteed. STATE WAIST-SIZE and SEX. Airmailed add 42c. Beware of poor imitations. UNIVERSE CO. Dept. V-292, 959 North Lake Avenue, Pasadena, California

PREVENT YOUR DRESSES FROM FALLING TO THE FLOOR

Also a wonderful way to pamper sweaters, or any dress in your wardrobe.

Heavy-weight—well constructed—unbreakable—"BEAUTIFUL RAIN-BOW PLASTIC" hangers.

Pearlized shades of: soft white, blush pink, sky blue, golden maize, clear crystal and opaque black.



THE HENRY HANGER COMPANY
450 Seventh Avenue, N.Y., N.Y.

holds wide-necked & off the shoulder dresses firmly—they can't slip off. A magic-finger grips garments firmly—felt pads protect the most delicate fabrics.

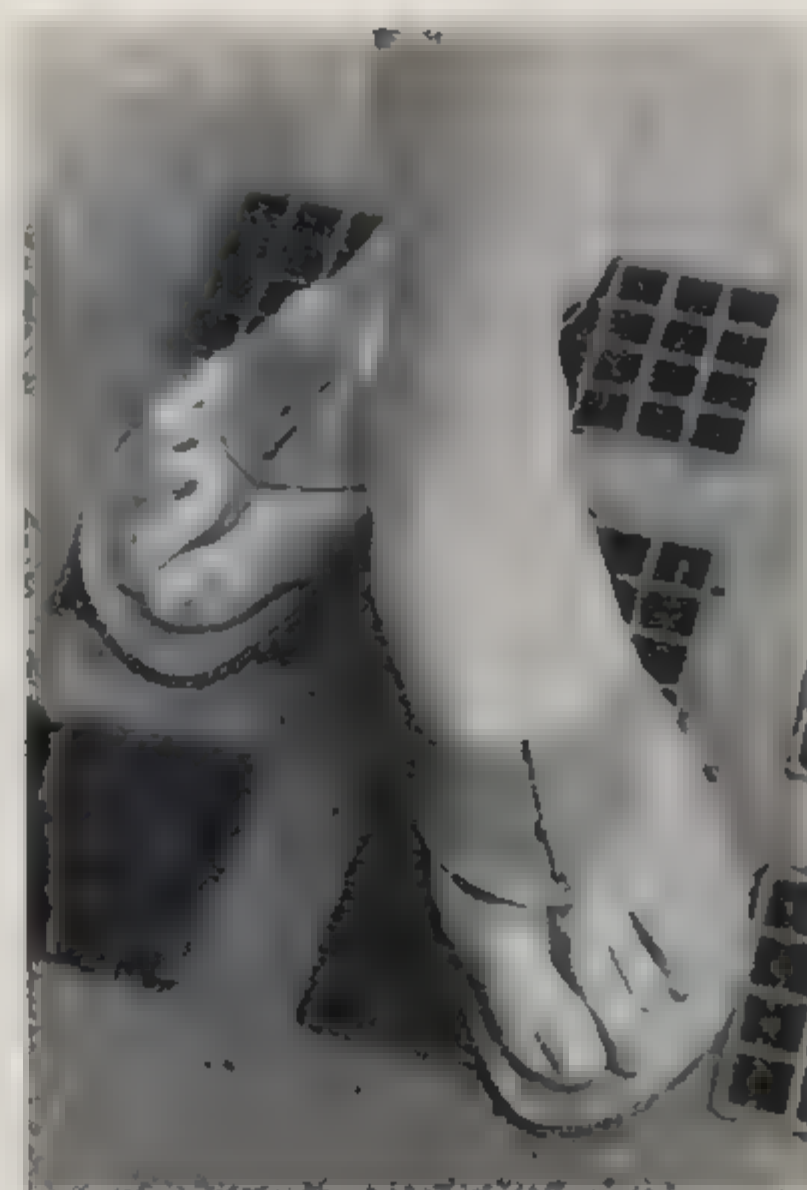
Gift packed, 4 for \$5.00 + 50¢ post. and hdg. or \$15.00 the dozen + 90¢ post. and hdg. Money Back Guarantee No C.O.D. Please. Immediate delivery!

*Patent pending



Déshabillé of rose-printed estron-and-cotton. The back is pleated and the front has a smidge of shaping, covered buttons.

Sizes 8-14. \$40.45 ppd.
Blackton 5th Ave.,
398 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 18.



Barebones thong-sandals in tan leather, with an adjustable V-shaped strap. Vinyl foam insoles. Also black, white, gold. Sizes 4-10. \$4.95 ppd. Cal-Leather Co., 963 Harrison St., San Francisco 7, Calif.

For any warm summer day, a crisp white sharkskin dress, cool and sleeveless. Hat of Ecuadorian straw banded in Tapa cloth. Dress, sizes 8-18, \$35.95, and hat, \$8, at Gene Burton South, 505 South Lake Ave., Pasadena, Calif.



Picnic lunch that comes in a wicker basket complete with a red-and-white tablecloth, napkins, and silverware. Variety of menus, French-accented, \$4.25 per person. Pickup or delivery. Brasserie Restaurant, 100 East 53rd Street, N. Y. Also: Fraser Morris, 872 Madison Avenue, N. Y.



HOUND

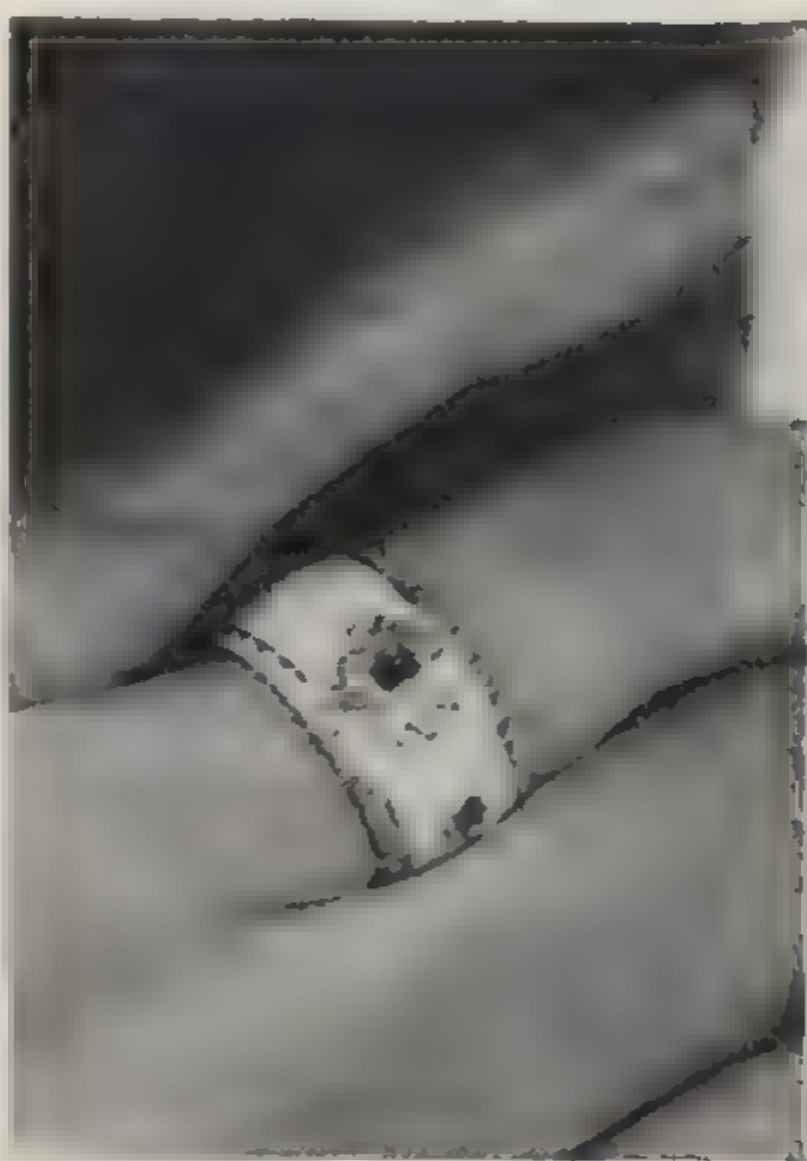
Black silk alpaca theatre suit with a white silk overblouse—shirt-collared, French-cuffed. Add a flower pin made of tiny glass beads and more-of-the-same cuff links. Suit and blouse, \$165; flower and cuff links, \$20.

At Ilka Suarez,
302 East 49th St., N. Y. 17.



Emeralds set into a white-enamelled 18-k. gold ring. \$125 plus tax. Any other combination of colours and stones available.

At Boris,
300 East 59th St.,
New York 22, N. Y.



Two-piece dress in yellow-and-orange printed jersey. Nice for country dining. Slightly scooped neck; the skirt drapes to a pseudo knot in front. Sizes 8-16. \$135 ppd. Elizabeth Lawrence, 17 W. 57th St., N. Y. 19.

PETER MAICAS



For the den or for a boy's room, a lightweight wooden basket that may be monogrammed. 11½" high with short wooden legs. \$4.25. Set of 3 initials, red or blue, 50c. Parsnip Hollow Products, East Haddam, Connecticut.

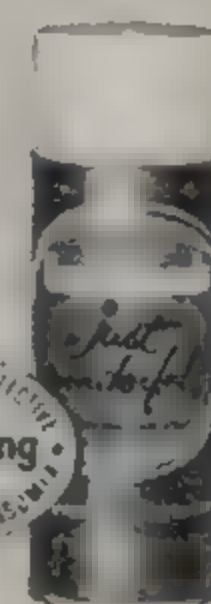
PRICES PLUS POSTAGE,
UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED

is this Caryl Richards?

No...but our CARYL RICHARDS Olive Oil Permanent forms the essential basis of her luscious hairstyle. In fact, for all of today's softer, graceful styles, a CARYL RICHARDS salon wave is a 'must'. It creates the body, sheen and softness your hair needs for our lastingly lovely hairstyles.

And...for a smart finishing touch, we recommend and use JUST WONDERFUL better-holding Hair Spray.

Everyone knows, if it's Caryl Richards
—it is just wonderful for your hair.



BEAUTY SALON • MIAMI / WEST PALM BEACH



EYELASHES (custom styled)

Presenting the fashion look for day or evening—Imported eyelashes custom styled for you.

Human hair\$11.95
Luxurious fur\$16.95

- 1 / Width of eye (use string) (specify) _____
- 2 / Imported fur or human hair (specify) _____
- 3 / Color of lashes brown or black (specify) _____
- 4 / Day or evening length (specify) _____

Post paid—Tax included—Money order only—
Enclose adv. with name and address to:

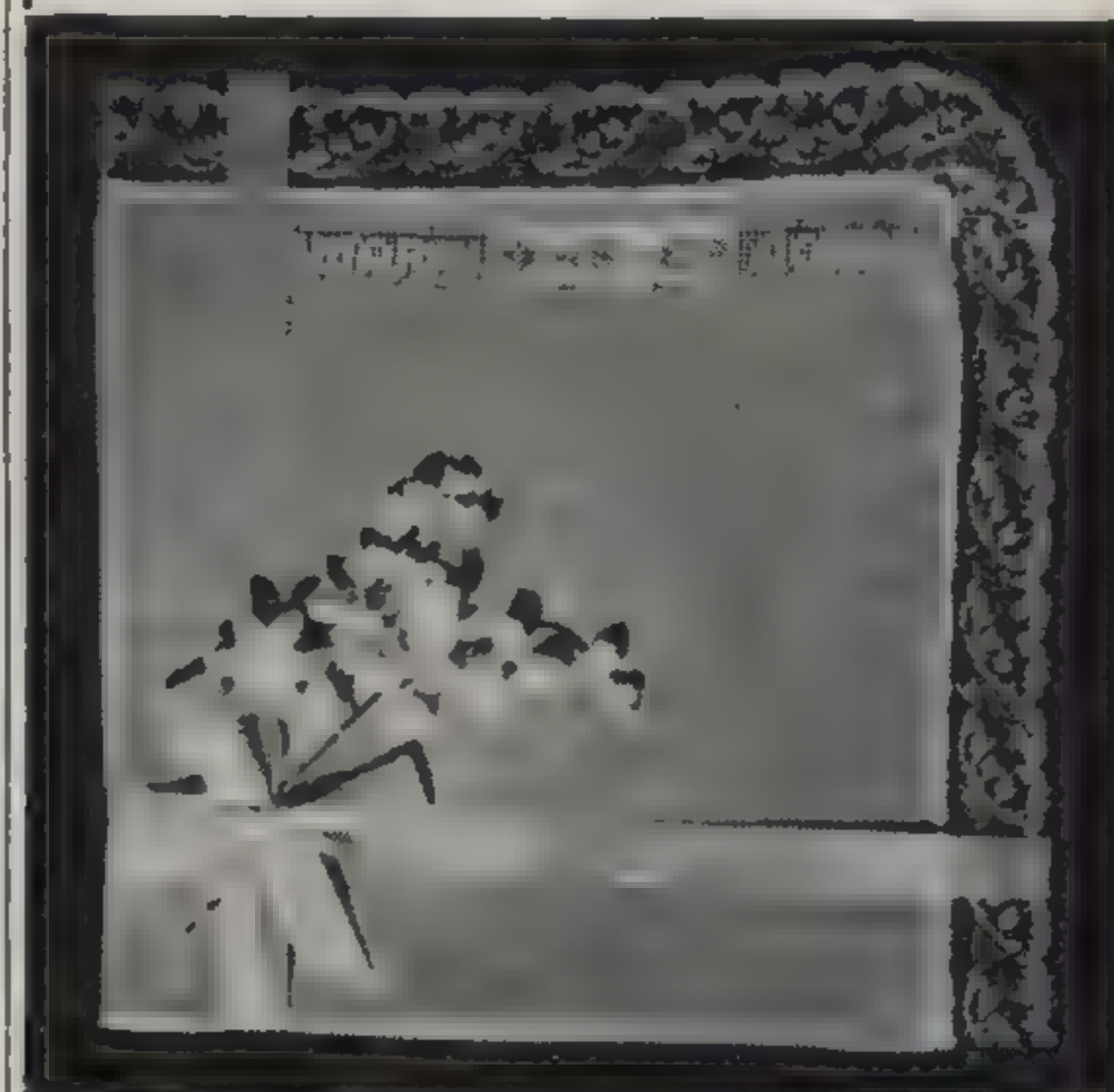


JANYS MANN

975 FIRST AVENUE (54 ST)
NEW YORK TEL. PLAZA 3-6567

merchandise not returnable

The NEW Wedding Handkerchief



Delicately handmade of sheer Irish linen, the names of Bride & Groom in white with the exact date of the great event in blue, are cut into the linen itself. Edged with fine French lace in Lily of the Valley design. Size 15 x 15.

Handsomely boxed; tied with white ribbons and orange blossoms.

\$6.50 ppd. Add 75¢ for airmail-special delivery.

Villari Handkerchief Co.

280 Madison Ave., Dept. V7, New York 16, N.Y.



TO: WINDSOR INC., 171 SEVENTH AVE., NEW YORK 11, N.Y., DEPT. 3430
 Please mail free details on factory-to-me 100% human hair WINDSOR Wigs. No obligation.

Name

Address

City Zone State Phone(s)

I WOULD LIKE
 A FREE HOME
 DEMONSTRATION
 YES ☐ NO ☐

MAIL COUPON NOW FOR FREE LITERATURE & COURTEOUS HOME DEMONSTRATION. NO OBLIGATION TO BUY

100% HUMAN HAIR HI-FASHION WIGS

DIRECT FROM FACTORY TO YOU AS LOW AS \$39.00

PAY-AS-YOU-WEAR TERMS, ONLY \$2.50 A WEEK

(Lighter shades higher)

We don't import wigs. We make them in our own factories. Finest quality and workmanship, far surpassing most imported wigs. We save you import duty costs and middle-man profits. WINDSOR, the world leaders offers an exquisite array of 17 colors from jet black to frosty platinum. No junky synthetics. Lovely soft 100% human hair. Nationally advertised, the WINDSOR label is your guarantee of quality.

You'll change your hair-do and your whole personality in a twinkling, enhance your appearance, follow the smart new fashion trend with a WINDSOR wig. The coupon will bring you free literature, order-by-mail details, and, if you wish, a trained courteous consultant in your area will show you beautiful WINDSOR wigs in your home or office, by appt. Either way, no obligation of course.

LORD & LADY WINDSOR INC., 171 7TH AVE., N.Y. 11, N.Y. Phone CH 3-8250
 SALONS IN PRINCIPAL CITIES COAST-TO-COAST

SHOP HOUND

your best way

to market by mail

—the quick reference for

new ideas in gifts and giving.

fade dry-skin wrinkles quickly



with **HORMONEX**

**Beauty
 Serum**

*send for
 10-Day sample!*

Hormonex, with penetrating Sesame Oil and moisturizing lanolin, applies female hormones to the skin to work most effectively. Just apply 7 drops daily to face and throat. Those superficial wrinkles caused by dry skin fade quickly, smoothly. Hormonex is the product of a trustworthy 50-year-old laboratory. It is sold in over 500 leading department stores and recommended by thousands of pharmacists at \$3.50 for a 100-day supply. NOW a special 10-DAY SAMPLE will be sent you postage paid, without obligation so you can see the astonishing results it brings. To get your 10-DAY TRIAL SAMPLE write to address below. Please send 25¢ in coin or stamps to cover packing, handling charges to:

MITCHUM CO., Dept. 7-GS, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.

NEW! SAFE AUTOMATIC HAIR REMOVER
 GRANTED U.S. PATENTS

**SAFELY
 REMOVES
 UNWANTED
 HAIR
 FOREVER!**

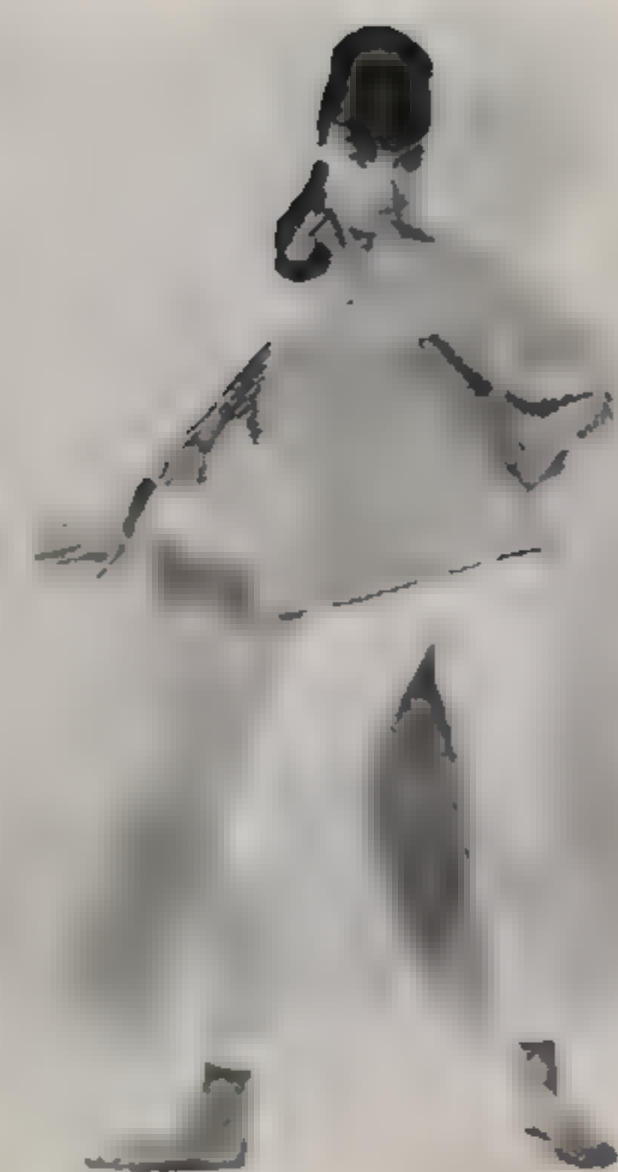


PERMA TWEEZ . . . the only 'one-step' home electrolysis unit in existence! **Only** automatic instrument being sold today, with special safety feature that will destroy hair root **without** puncturing skin! Remove all unwanted face, body hairs **permanently** with easy-to-use "tweezer-like" **PERMA TWEEZ!** No wires or electrical plug-in needed! \$14.95 ppd. Send check or M.O. 14 day money back guarantee. *Professionally endorsed.*

GENERAL MEDICAL CO., Dept. V-12
 7906 Santa Monica Blvd. Hollywood 46, Calif.
 MFR. OF PROFESSIONAL & HOME ELECTROLYSIS INSTRS.

Vogue's SHOP

Red-and-white denim sailing shirt. Slit at the sides. Particularly spanking over tailored white twill pants. Comes in lots of colours. One size only. \$12.95. Pants, sizes 22-30, \$17.95. Both at Brett, 251 East 57th St., N. Y. 22.



A sunflower blooms on a glazed off-white pitcher that decorates or serves with equal charm. \$6.95 ppd. at Jon's Scandinavian Shop, 179 W. 4th St., New York 14, N. Y.



Everything about shells including the how-to of découpage in Louise Travers's illustrated *Romance of Shells*. (William Morrow.) \$6, The Scribner Book Store, 597 Fifth Ave., N. Y.



Empire-waisted white silk crêpe dress with the surprise of full, wrist-length shirt sleeves. The skirt: straight but supple. Made to order in sizes 6-16. Fabric by Staron. \$200 ppd. Betty Metcalf, 779 Madison Ave., N. Y. 21.



PRICES PLUS POSTAGE,
 UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED

HOUND

For the health and protection of hair that is damaged by summer dryness, tinting, or bleaching: a strong protein agent named Catalyst X-707. To use: simply add directly to bleach, tint, shampoo, or creme rinse. Also effective in preventing burning scalp. For a box of twelve treatments, send \$6 to Marsten Laboratories, Box 3547, Beverly Hills, Cal. (tax and shipping inc.).



From Italy: face creams in alabaster jars. Purezza—cleansing cream, \$4.50; Fontezza, night cream for mature skins, \$12.50; Carezza, night cream for younger skins, \$7.50. All plus tax. Janus Mann, 975 First Ave., N. Y. 22.

Old European custom—natural oils and herbs as scent, medicament, for cooking. Among them: heliotrope oil, 1 oz., \$1.65; dried malva flowers or tonka beans, 4 oz., \$1.50. Kiehl's Pharmacy, Inc., 109 Third Ave., N. Y. 3.



Daisy-printed piqué for the terrace. Dropped shoulders lead to puffed sleeves that push up to just above the elbow. Fresh white daisies on a light-blue or green background. Day-length or long. Sizes XS-L. \$30 ppd. Jam Today, 189 West 10th St., N. Y. 14.

PETER MAICAS



MAKES TEETH WHITE

Are you smile shy? New luster and beauty in 3 minutes.

Are your teeth discolored, dull, unattractive? Then try this marvelous new "dental-cosmetic" for the thrill of your life! You apply KOPAL on your teeth, just like the enamel on your nails. Takes only 3 minutes—and presto! Instantly, your teeth are coated with a sparkling white finish that appears so pearly-like and natural—just like a movie-star smile! No wonder beauty editors, thousands of smart women and theatrical people praise KOPAL for covering up stains, blemishes, even gold fillings—almost like magic! KOPAL is a dentist's formula, completely safe and harmless for natural as well as false teeth. Guaranteed radiant results or money back! Economical in use—amazing value. Send only \$4.40 tax inc. for 3-4 months' supply, we pay postage. If C.O.D. you pay postage and charges.

FROSTIE WINTERS

313 East 53 St., Dept. V-7 N. Y. 22, N. Y.

REMOVES UGLY HAIR FOR GOOD!



QUICKLY, SAFELY, IN
PRIVATE—FROM ANY
PART OF BODY

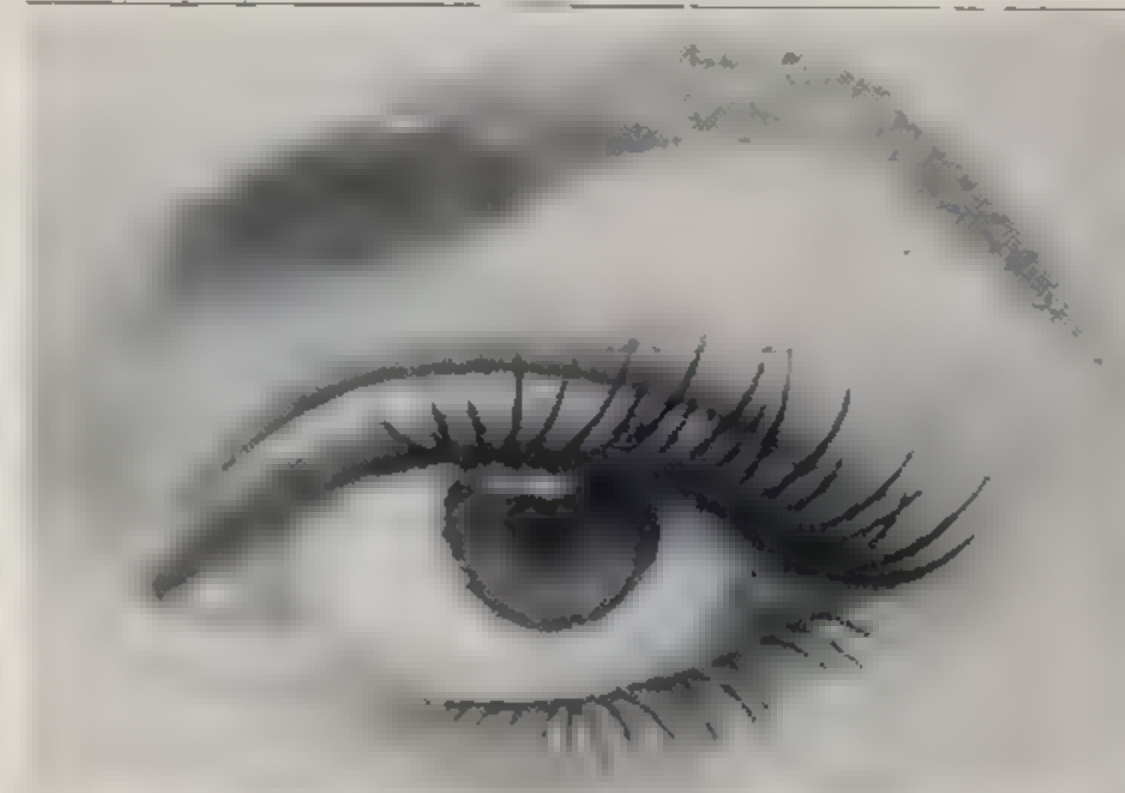
With a new pencil-like instrument you can now painlessly, safely and in private, remove un-

wanted hairs one by one— for good— by destroying the hair roots. Follow easy instructions. Avoid moles, warts, etc. The Pellatron works by electrolysis, the method followed by high priced professionals. Yet there are no wires, no plug-ins. Certified to be safe and effective by a renowned Independent Testing Institute, after six months' testing. Our guarantee: it must work perfectly for you, or money back!

7 DAY TRIAL—SEND ONLY \$1.00

Send name and address and \$1.00. Pay only \$8.00 on arrival, plus C.O.D. postage. Or send \$9.00 and we pay postage. Same guarantee. Regularly \$12.50—the PELLATRON now at special low price for limited time only. ORDER NOW AND SAVE!

THE MITCHUM CO., DEPT. 7-GX
PARIS, TENN.



No need to wear Artificial Eye Lashes MORE BEAUTIFUL EYE LASHES NATURALLY!

Thicker, longer, lovelier looking lashes with Jerome's Instant Eye Lash Oil. Apply at bedtime... awaken to new eye beauty! Completely hypo-allergenic. 6 month supply: \$3.95 (tax and shipping incl.) fully guaranteed... send check or M.O. (sorry, no C.O.D.'s)

MARSTEN LABORATORIES
Dept. V-13, Box 3547, Beverly Hills, Calif.

NEW COMFORT BRA

"JUST TWO CUPS" for
Perfect
Uplift



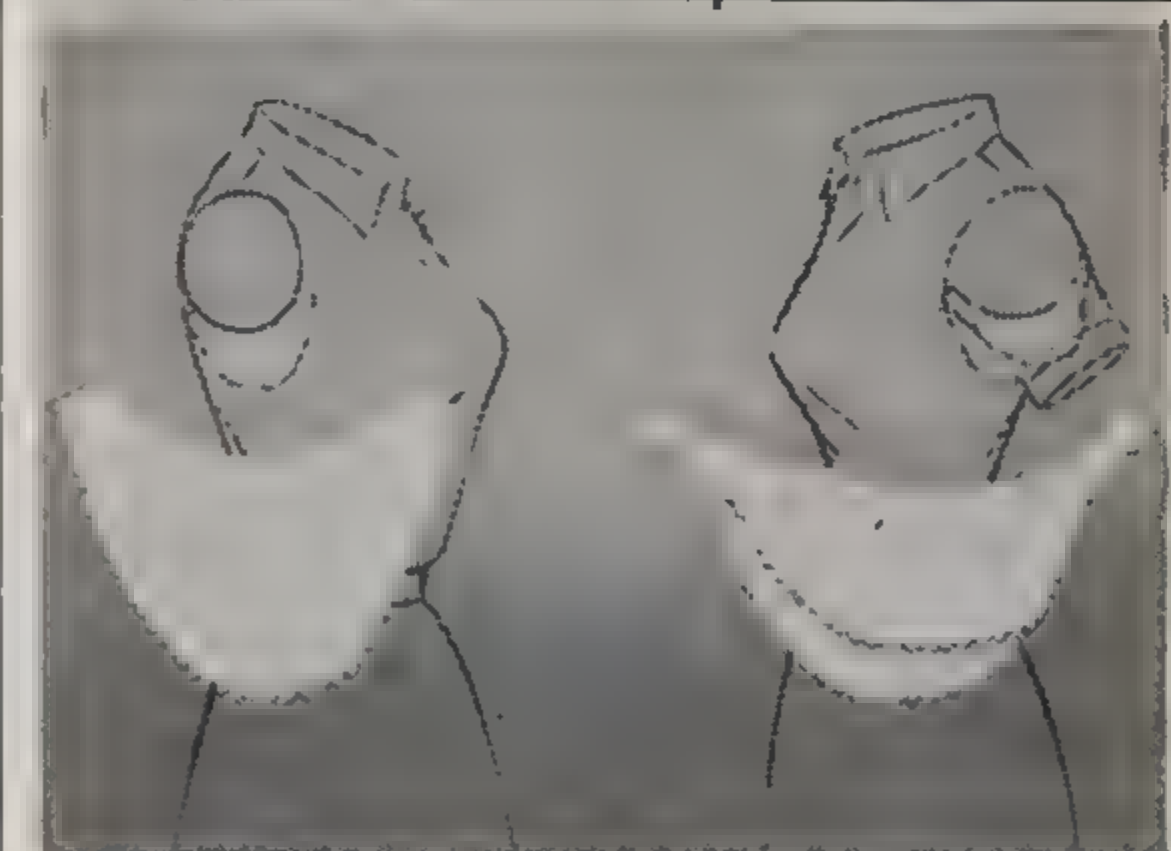
*No Shoulder Straps
*No Back Straps
*No Bones or Wires

Ultimate in bosom loveliness, for glamorous Special Occasions. Velvety soft, pliable, sturdy material. Flesh color. 2 pair only \$2.98. Plus 27c handling & postage. With Primer to restore adhesive edge of bra.

Sizes A, B, or C
Pat. No. 2728079

Send check or M.O. to:

BLEUETTE, Inc. 509 5th Ave.
N.Y. 17, N.Y.
Dept. A86



INSTANT DRESS SHIELDS!

They're really disposable—no pins, no straps, no laundering bother! When one is soiled, there's a fresh replacement ready to use. Shields stay put in any garment...cling to fabric at self-adhesive points...won't slip. Moisture-proof inner liner, soft, absorbent outer layer. 8-pair Pack in Regular (fold-over) or Sleeveless (single) style. Guaranteed to do the job or money back! REGULAR SHIELDS PACK, \$1.49. SLEEVELESS SHIELDS PACK, \$1. Ppd. Sunset House, 297 Sunset Building, Beverly Hills, Calif.

BEAUTY AND THE BLEACH

No fairy tale this, but a fact! *Problems fade* with Jolen Creme Bleach . . . the fabulous new cosmetic that bleaches superfluous hair on face, arms and legs. Like magic, medically approved Jolen turns dark hair pale blond to blend with your own skin tones. Be a beauty . . . try JCB now!

JOLEN INC.
Box 204, V-7, Arlington, Mass.



Name _____ ☐ \$2.20 Reg. Size (¾ oz.)
Address _____ ☐ \$5.50 Giant Size (3¾ oz.)
City _____ Zone _____ State _____
Price incl. Fed. Tax and P.P. charges. Money back guarantee.

BUY U.S. SAVINGS BONDS



**NO MORE
WET
HAIR!**



SWIMMERS! KEEP HAIR DRY—\$1

Swim Band under your swim cap keeps your hair dry in the water! This sensational new fashion aid positively seals out dampness... prevents spoiled or streaked hair-dos. Just wrap this special poly-foam Swim Band in place to cover your hair-line. Self-fastening, self-adjusting. Fits smoothly under swim cap. *Guaranteed to do the job or money refunded!* SWIM BAND, only \$1, postpaid. **Sunset House, 297 Sunset Building, Beverly Hills, Calif.**

for those who PERSPIRE HEAVILY



A new anti-perspirant that really works! Solves underarm problems for many who had despaired of effective help. Keeps underarms absolutely

dry for thousands of grateful users. Positive action coupled with complete gentleness to normal skin and clothing is made possible by new type of formula devised by a young genius in pharmacy and produced by a trustworthy 50-year-old laboratory. 90-day supply. Guaranteed.

SEND NO MONEY — 7 DAY TRIAL TEST Send name and address. Pay only \$3.00 on arrival plus C.O.D. and tax. Results guaranteed. Or save money. Send \$3.30 (tax incl.) we pay postage. Same Guarantee.

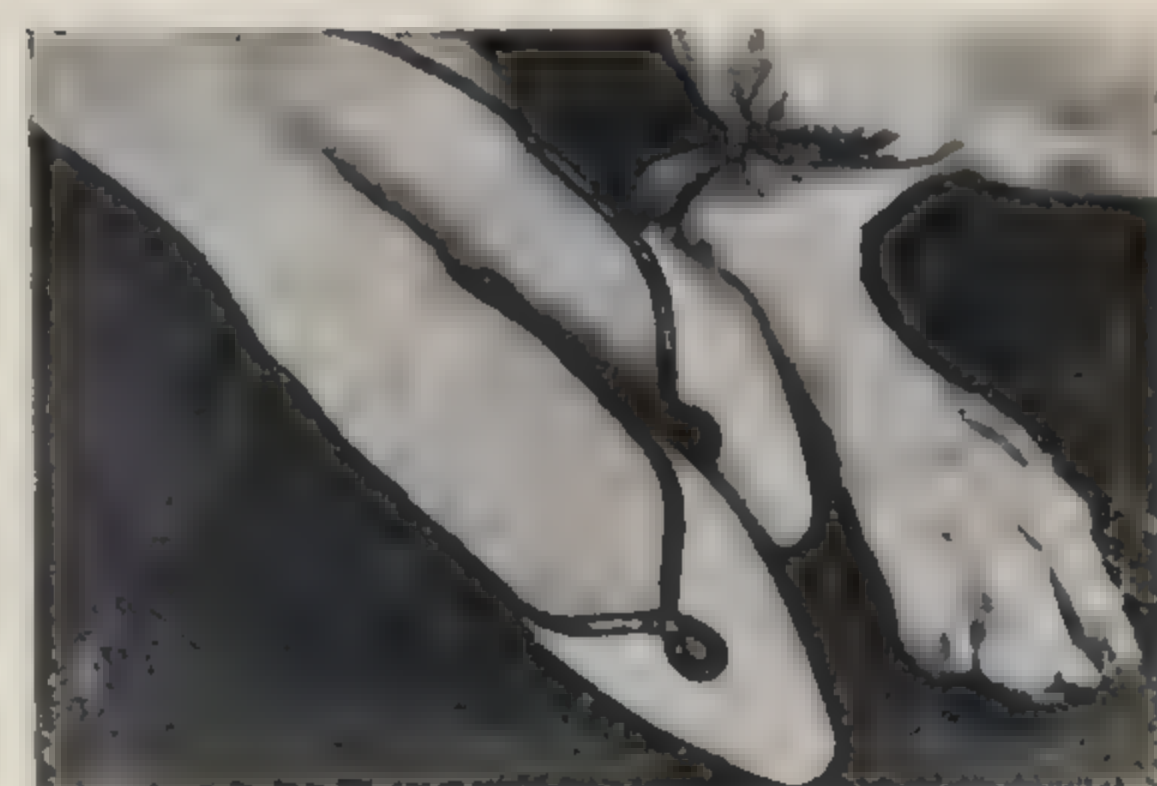
THE MITCHUM CO., Dept. 7-PG, PARIS, TENN.

Vogue's SHOP HOUND



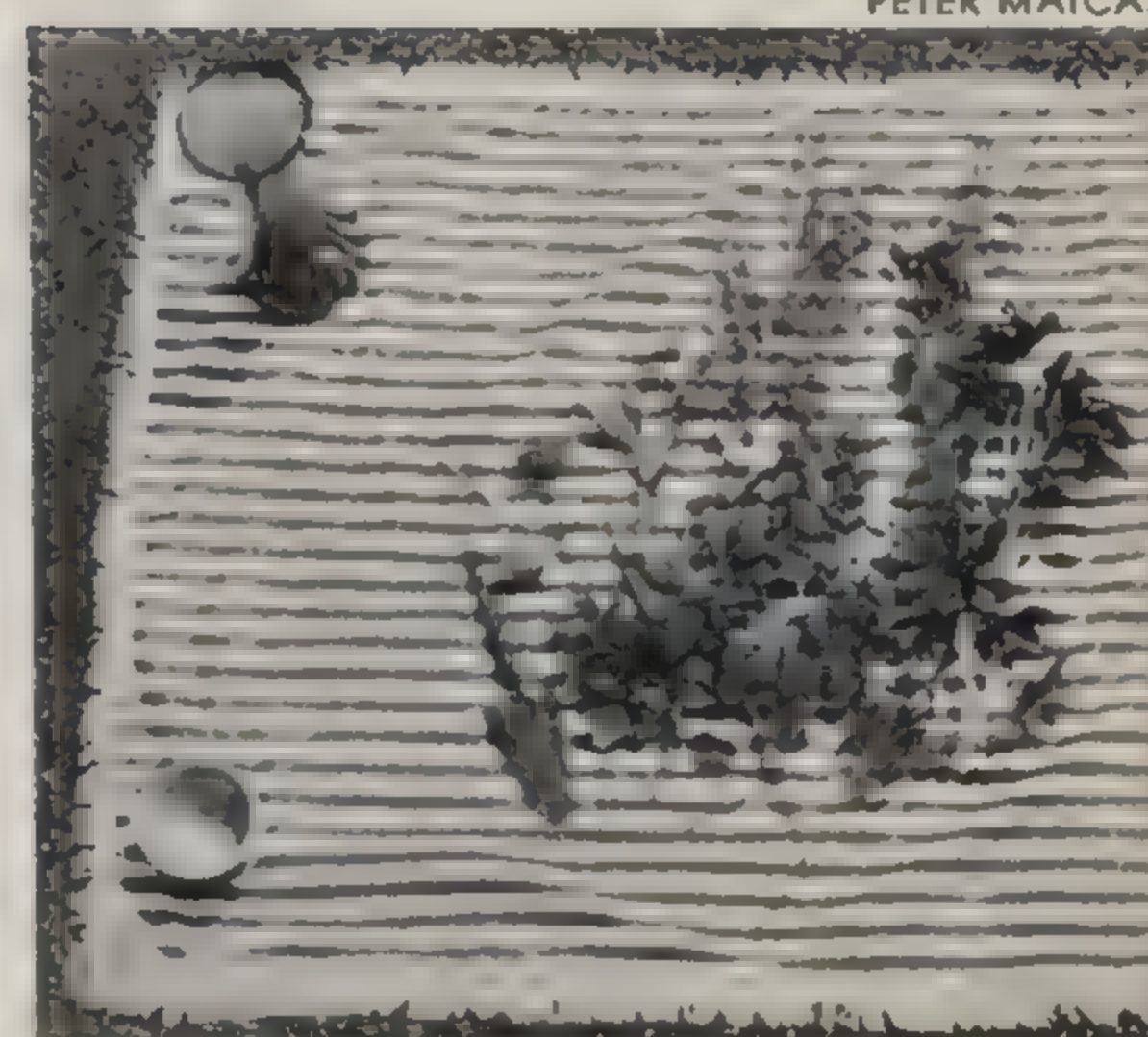
Wig-carrying case in tapestry floral design on bone or black. Contains block to place wig on, removable for combing. Complete, \$19.95. Wig made to order of European hair, \$169.95. Fashion Hair Products, V6, 175 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 10.

Beige kidskin sling-back pumps squared slightly at toe and heel, piped in black patent leather. Also navy blue with red, red with black. N, M, W widths. \$17.45 ppd. John Andrew, 777 Madison Ave., N. Y. 21.



Overblouse and skirt for evening. Long brown and white embroidered organdie carries the A-line through from neck to hem. To order in sizes 4-18. \$185. Marianne Spottiswoode, 40 West 55th Street, N. Y. 19.

Spillproof tablecloth for summer picnics or flower arranging; vinyl plastic with cotton flannel backing and a white cotton fringe. Red-and-white or green-and-white stripes. 48" x 72", \$4.30 ppd.; 48" x 90", \$6.30 ppd. Edith Chapman, Rte. 303, Blauvelt, N. Y.



PETER MAICAS

PRICES PLUS POSTAGE, UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED

VOGUE'S TRAVELOG

A DIRECTORY OF FINE HOTELS AND RESORTS

Write for reservations to these—"As Seen in Vogue"

CALIFORNIA

ESCONDIDO



The Golden Door

Warm Southern California's most luxurious resort-beauty spa. Relax, revive, reduce on schedule with exercise expert Anne Marie Bennstrom. Exclusive women's retreat (a few men's weeks set each year). Reservations limited to 18, who enjoy gorgeous one-of-a-kind accommodations. American plan, \$400-\$450 per week. Write Escondido, California.

COLORADO

DENVER



Brown Palace Hotel

Elegance and superb service have been identified with the Brown for 70 years. Recent completion of a new tower area and motor lobby bring its capacity to 600 rooms, all air-conditioned and furnished in marvelous good taste. A 500-car garage adjoins the hotel, which is located in the better business district of Mile-High Denver. For social or business gatherings, there is a selection of six beautifully-appointed, completely equipped, air-conditioned private function rooms; the ballroom accommodates up to 800. For reservations, rates or information, write Mr. Karl Mehlmann, resident manager, Dept. V, or phone TAbor 5-3111, Denver.

GEORGIA

SAINT SIMONS ISLAND

King & Prince Hotel. Year 'round resort. E.P., directly on ocean, pvt. beach & pool; dancing, fishing, riding, golf. Near Brunswick, Georgia.

HAWAII

HANA, MAUI



Hotel Hana-Maui

A complete resort in 20 acres of tropical gardens above lovely Hana Bay and the peaceful Pacific. Fresh water pool; 18-hole pitch-and-putt; miles of private bridle trails; ocean bathing at private beach. Rooms, garden suites and lanai cottages. American plan. Robert H. Butterfield, Jr., manager. Represented by R. F. Warner in the East; G. W. Fawcett in the West.

MAINE

KENNEBUNK BEACH

The Narragansett by-the-Sea. Beautiful sandy beach, lawn luncheons. Delicious Maine meals with lobster, seafood. Cocktail Lounge. Box 82.

KENNEBUNKPORT

The Colony. On ocean. Heated salt water pool. Poolside buffet luncheon. Entertainment. Golf, tennis, churches nearby. John C. Banta, Mgr.

Shawmut Inn. Ocean front resort. Secluded, restful, informal. 32 rooms, 16 cottages. Chalet Motor Lodge. Heated pool. Fine Food. Cocktails.

OGUNQUIT

The Cliff House and Motels. Atop Bald Head Cliff. Pool. Sports, social activities. Cocktail Lounge. Reasonable rates, A or E. May 30-Oct. 15.

New England Offers You a wonderful vacation four seasons. Make your summer trip include the numerous inns we've listed for your pleasure.

MASSACHUSETTS

GLOUCESTER

World-famous fishing and vacation port. Beaches, fishing, art colonies. For pictorial folder write: City Manager, Gloucester 3, Mass.

ROCKPORT

Quaint, colorful seacoast resort town. Paradise for artists & photographers. For free guide-book write Board of Trade, Rockport 14, Mass.

ROCKPORT 4 (CAPE ANN)

Straitsmouth Inn. Shore resort hotel on private rocky point. \$85-\$145 wk. inc. all meals. Transient diners welcomed. May 29-Oct. 1.

NEVADA

LAKE TAHOE

Glenbrook Inn & Ranch. Our own golf course, horses, tennis, sand beach, rodeos. One hour from Reno. Amer. Plan. May-Oct. Glenbrook, Nev.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

FRANCONIA

Peckett's on Sugar Hill Club. New England charm. Cottages. Pool. Open June 28 to Oct. 15. Reservations by application. Tel. Fran. 823-5555.

JACKSON 12 (WHITE MTS.)

Eagle Mountain House. Overlooks Wildcat Valley. Golf course. Pool. All Summer sports. Social Program. Excellent meals. June 28-Oct. 14.

WHITEFIELD



Mountain View House

Friendly informality, good food, charming setting—these are the traditions of hospitality of the Dodge family for four generations. Distinguished clientele. Golf, tennis, swimming, skeet, shuffleboard, movies, dancing, outdoor luncheons and other entertainment. Cocktail lounge. June through October \$17 to \$22 Amer. Plan. Special rates for honeymooners. 185 Rooms. N. Y. Res. Off.: 30 Rockefeller Plaza, Tele.: CI 7-4420.

NEW JERSEY

ATLANTIC CITY

Marlborough-Blenheim. On Boardwalk. Luxurious new wing. Pvt. beach entrance. Outdoor pool, ocean-front decks. Inclusive Vacation Plans.

For Sun and Fun, or sheer relaxation, use Vogue's Travelog when planning your vacation or holiday this year.

NEW JERSEY

SPRING LAKE BEACH

The Monmouth Hotel. Famed hotel, superb resort, 50 miles from NYC. Ocean Front, pvt. beach, pool. Opens mid-June. Felix H. Standen, Genl. Mgr.

The Warren. Direct ocean front. Pvt. beach, club & pool. Supervised play for children. Opens June 21. All sports. Fred O. Cosgrove, Owner-Mgr.

Let's Go East . . . New York, New Jersey, Connecticut offer you fun-filled months of never-ending pleasure.

NORTH CAROLINA

CASHIERS

High Hampton Inn & Country Club. In Blue Ridge Mtns. Golf, tennis, stables, 4 lakes. Amer. plan \$10.50-\$14.50. May 20-Oct. 20. Write Dept. V.

PENNSYLVANIA

BEDFORD SPRINGS



Bedford Springs Hotel

3000 acre resort hotel located high in Allegheny Mountains. Largest and finest in Western Pennsylvania. 18-hole championship golf course. Indoor and new outdoor swimming pool, plus lake swimming. Tennis. Dancing. Summer Playhouse. Boating. Planned social activities. Superb cuisine. Special overnight guest rates. For reservations or brochure write L. Gardner Moore, President & General Manager.

EAGLES MERE

Crestmont Inn. Family cottages, pleasant rooms. Fine meals. Sports. Off beaten path but easy to reach. June 14-Sept. 16. 17 Lake Dr. Eagles Mere.

MT. POCONO

High Point Inn. Informal mountain fun, gracious dining, supervised play for tots on our Old McDonald's Farm, Indoor and Outdoor Pools, Dancing.

SOUTH CAROLINA

HILTON HEAD ISLAND

William Hilton Inn. On magnificent beach at Hilton Head Island. Championship golf, tennis, fishing, riding. Write Box CN for brochure.

VERMONT

MT. SNOW

Snow Mountain Inn. Enjoy the "warmth of '63". Eat like a gourmet. Sleep like a log. Dunk in new pool. Tennis anyone? Write for unique brochure.

WILMINGTON

On the Rocks Lodge. For the finest in a small resort, high in the mountains. Marlboro Music Festival, swimming pool, tennis, excellent cuisine.

VERMONT

CHITTENDEN



Mountain Top Inn

In an early American setting, private cottages colonial inn and country club that features 9 new holes of golf. Rates: \$14 to \$21 daily, including meals at the Inn or "dine out" privileges. Some housekeeping cottages available at weekly rates. Send for brochure or call NY off: LO 5-1114.

BAHAMAS

NASSAU



Emerald Beach Hotel

Oceanfront, with private 1/2 mile beach. Pool, pitch 'n' putt course, tennis, golf, all water sports. Landscaped gardens. Entertainment nightly. Air conditioned, open all year. See travel agent or call JU 6-4500, N. Y.; RA 6-0624, Chicago; LA 3-4497, Boston; RE 7-2642, Washington; FR 1-6661, Miami; RI 1-6814, Dallas; MA 6-7581, Los Angeles; YU 2-6905, San Francisco; MU 2-1981, Seattle; EM 3-2693, Toronto.

BERMUDA

PAGET

White Sands. Bermuda's perfect vacation spot; beautiful sandy beach, quiet, exclusive accommodation, write Kay and Horace Browne.

JAMAICA, W.I.

OCHO RIOS



Tower Isle Hotel

Come to Tower Isle, the Caribbean's most complete resort hotel. It offers everything you love in day and night entertainment. And it's fully air-conditioned. General Manager: Nick Brimo. See your travel agent, or call Leonard Hicks, Jr., Inc., Murray Hill 9-0123, New York—also in Chicago, Washington, D. C., Atlanta, Miami, Detroit, Toronto.

Free to YOU!

a **WHO'S WHO of WHERE . . .**
the Condé Nast **TRAVEL AIDS**

Choice travel resorts featured in Vogue. Fill in the coupon and mail to:

Vogue, Condé Nast Travel Aids
420 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

7, 63

Fine & Applied Arts

RINGLING SCHOOL OF ART

33rd year. Painting, Illustration, Commercial Art, Fashion Arts, Interior Design, Faculty of outstanding artists. Outdoor classes. Dormitories. Low cost. Write for catalog and folder "In Florida Sunshine," George O. Kaiser, Jr., Dean, Sarasota, Florida.

AUDITORE SCHOOL OF FASHION DESIGN

Designing, Sketching, Draping, Patternmaking, Dressmaking. Coed. Enroll now! Request Cat. V. 1182 Broadway (28th St.), N. Y. 1. MU 3-1348.

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ART

Practical courses in all branches of Commercial and Fine Art. Faculty of international reputation. Placement service. Coed. 41st year. Fall term begins Sept. 3. Catalog. Frank H. Young, Director, Dept. 673, 30 East Adams Street, Chicago 3, Illinois.



ART INSTITUTE of Chicago PROFESSIONAL SCHOOL
Classes in Fine, Industrial and Advertising Arts;
Art Education; Fashion Design; Interior Design; Sculpture and Architectural Sculpture.
Diploma; Degrees. Michigan Ave. at Adams St., Chicago 3, Ill. Box 411.

MAYER SCHOOL of FASHION

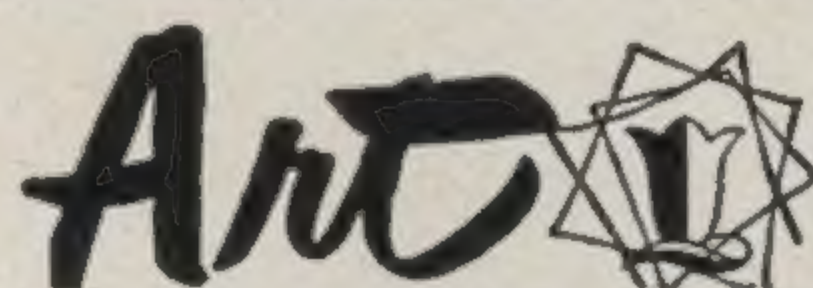
"The Dynamic Approach to Designing" Fashion Workshop Method: Designing Course with graduation certificate in less than a year. Individual Guidance. Day-Eve. Classes. Coed. Free Placement Service. Air Conditioned • Summer Session • Designing • Dressmaking • Draping • Sketching • Patternmaking • Grading Request Cat. U or Home Study Cat. U-1 64 W. 36 St., N. Y. 18 LO 5-5620

NEW YORK SCHOOL OF INTERIOR DESIGN SUMMER SESSION SIX WEEKS' PRACTICAL COURSE

Starts July 8th. Faculty of leading decorators. Period and modern styles. Send for Catalog 8. Home Study Course starts at once. For those who cannot come to New York. Send for Catalog C. 155 East 56th St., New York 22

TRAPHAGEN SCHOOL OF FASHION FOR RESULTS

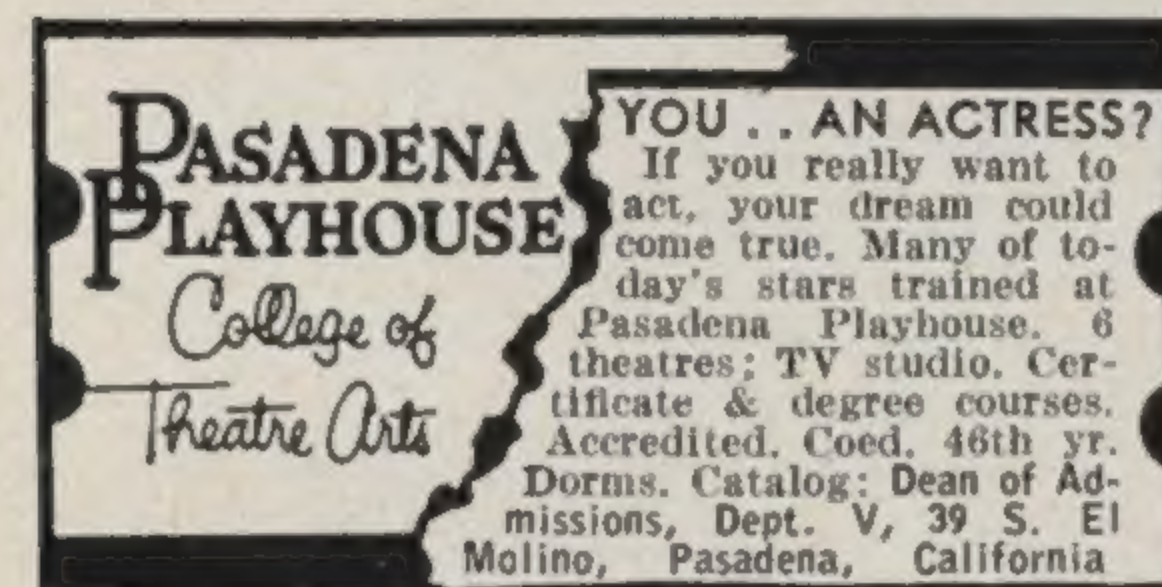
Training Here Pays Lifetime Dividends Trade Methods in Minimum Time—Coed ART DESIGN CLOTHING CONSTRUCTION INT. DECOR INTENSIVE SIX WEEKS' SUMMER COURSE Beginners & Advanced, Day, Eve., Sat. Register Now! Illustration, Sketch, Pattern, Dressmaking, Display. Our Graduates in Demand! Junior Sat. A.M. Class. Free Placement Bur. Send for Cir. I. Phone CO 5-2077. TRAPHAGEN, 1680 Broadway (52d St.) N.Y. 19



STUDENTS prepare for careers using talent in Commercial Art, Interior Decoration and Design. Fashion Merchandising with modeling, Dress Design, Fashion Illustration, Window Display, Coed. Residence for out-of-town girls, walking distance to school. Living accommodations secured for men. Individual advancement. Excellent professional instructors and equipment. Entrance Wednesday, September 4. For literature write Registrar Room 206. Specify course.

RAY-VOGUE SCHOOLS
750 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO 11
(No connection with Vogue Magazine)

Drama, Radio, Television



PASADENA PLAYHOUSE
College of Theatre Arts
YOU... AN ACTRESS?
If you really want to act, your dream could come true. Many of today's stars trained at Pasadena Playhouse. 6 theatres; TV studio. Certificate & degree courses. Accredited. Coed. 46th yr. Dorms. Catalog: Dean of Admissions, Dept. V, 39 S. El Molino, Pasadena, California



GOODMAN
MEMORIAL THEATRE and School of Drama
OF THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO
CHICAGO 3, ILLINOIS
training for the stage
Acting with stars; Accredited: Acting, Directing, Scene, Costume Design, Technical Production; Small Classes—day or evening, September or February. Write dept. (V.)

Airline Training

McCONNELL AIRLINE SCHOOL

Be an Air Hostess. Romance! Travel! Adventure! Fun! Excellent training for exciting flight & ground positions. Airline-trained teachers. Free placement service. 19th year. Catalog (give age). 1030 Nicollet Ave., Rm. V-73, Minneapolis, Minn.

Modeling

THE BARBIZON SCHOOL

Attractive, qualified girls prepared for careers as fashion or photographic models. Selective acceptance standards. Free use of Barbizon Agency. Residence service. Request catalogue A. Helen Fraser, Director, 576 Fifth Avenue, New York 36, N. Y.

Secretarial & Business

THE MARY BYERS SCHOOL

EXECUTIVE SECRETARIAL TRAINING Preparation for top positions in advertising, TV, etc. Med. Sec'l. Accred. by N. Y. State Ed. Dept. Placement serv. Day, eve. Enroll Sept., Feb. or July. Rm. 202V, 545 Fifth Ave. (45th), N. Y. 17. OX 7-9246.

WOOD SECRETARIAL SCHOOL

College-level courses for H. S. and Private School grads. Accred. by State Ed. Dept. Placement service. Air-conditioned. Dorm. 84th yr. Enroll now for Sept. or Feb. Catalog. Registrar, 125 Park Ave. (100 E. 42 St., opp. Gr. Central), N. Y. 17. OX 7-1290.

HELEN McAVOY SCHOOL

Secretarial. Gregg, Pitman, Shorthand. Day, evening sessions start weekly. 1-year diploma and special courses for college women. Summer session. Placement service. Catalog V. 521 Fifth Ave. (43rd St.), New York 17 MU 2-1820

CLAREMONT

Comprehensive 1 year course to prepare young women for Executive Secretarial positions. Residence facilities. Write Assistant Secretary: 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. 99 North Broadway, Hicksville, L. I., N. Y.

KATHARINE GIBBS

Outstanding secretarial training for high school graduates, college women. Resident facilities. Write: Associate Principal, 21 Marlborough St., Boston 16; 200 Park Ave., N. Y. 17; 33 Plymouth St., Montclair, N. J.; 155 Angell St., Providence 6.

BERKELEY SCHOOL

Intensive, comprehensive secretarial courses for H. S. graduates, college women. Distinguished faculty. Guidance. Placement service. New Term Sept. 16th. Write for Catalog V: 420 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; White Plains, N. Y.; E. Orange, N. J.

THE CHASE SCHOOL

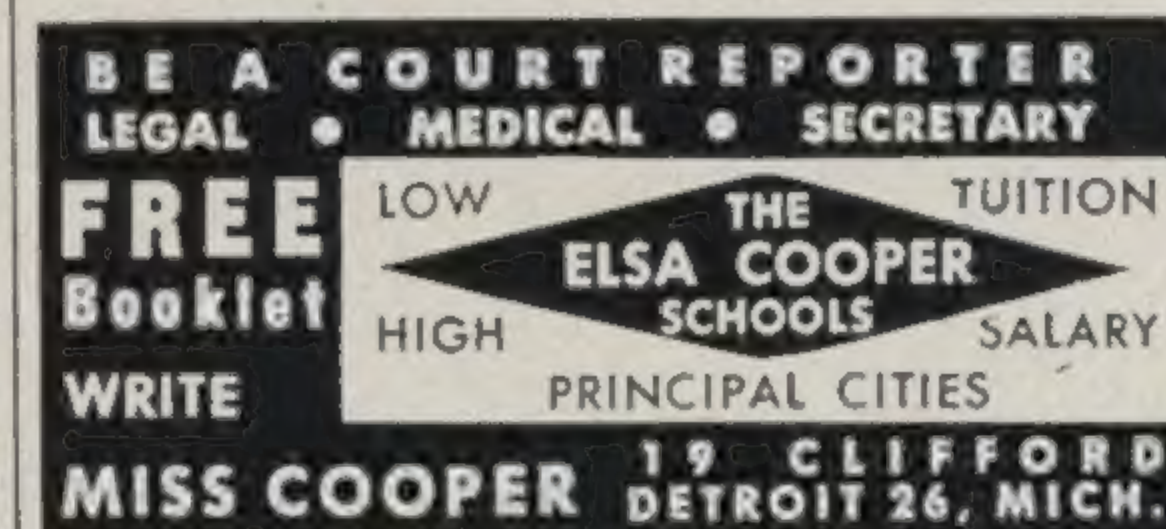
SECRETARIAL • RECEPTIONIST Enroll now for 10-wk accelerated Sect'l or short intensive brushup. Save trng. time by using only new Electric Typewriters. Also complete Live Switchboard trng. Free Placement. 59 E. 54, N.Y. PL 2-5010.

PROSPECT HALL

Fine Secretarial Training for Girls. Executive, Legal, Medical, Aviation; Scientific Secretarial (college girls). Catalog S. Residence Hall (Florida) 1437 N. Prospect Ave. 828 SE Fourth St. Milwaukee 2, Wisconsin Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

GRACE BALL COLLEGE

SAN FRANCISCO BY THE GOLDEN GATE. Executive, Legal, Electronics Technical, Intensive Sect'l Courses. College women, H.S., Private School grads. Residence. Placement. Catalog. Registration Secretary, 525 Sutter St., San Francisco 2, Calif.



BE A COURT REPORTER
LEGAL • MEDICAL • SECRETARY
FREE LOW TUITION
Booklet HIGH **ELSA COOPER SCHOOLS** SALARY
WRITE PRINCIPAL CITIES
MISS COOPER 19 CLIFFORD DETROIT 26, MICH.

CHANDLER SCHOOL FOR WOMEN • SECRETARIAL OFFERS NEW EDUCATIONAL EXPERIENCE

For young women who wish to enjoy life to the fullest by making it count for something important. One of Boston's oldest and most distinguished schools offers the best in professional secretarial training combined with maturing influence of an unusual residence program. Two-year Medical, Legal, Science-research. Executive specialization. One-year Course. Students live in beautiful Chandler residences in the exclusive Back Bay. Through this program each student shares in the use of the exciting cultural and social resources of a city noted for its music, arts, and ideas. Send for catalog and program folder. Dr. G. I. Rohrbough, President, 448 Beacon Street, Boston 15, Massachusetts.

Any of these schools will gladly give you further information.

Retailing

TOBÉ-COBURN

SCHOOL FOR FASHION CAREERS Prepare for a career in buying, advertising, fashion coordination. One & Two Year Courses. Store work with pay. Lifelong placement service. Begins September 4. Catalog A. 851 Madison Ave., New York 21.

RAY-VOGUE SCHOOLS

750 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO Write Registrar, Rm. 209. Specify course. 1-year program. Fashion Merchandising, Buying, Modeling. Selling in stores Sat. with pay. Attractive residence for girls. (No connection with Vogue Magazine.)

CHAMBERLAIN

A PROFESSIONAL SCHOOL OF RETAILING Merchandising, personnel, display, fashion promotion, copy. Thorough 2-yr. course for College age girls. Training in Boston stores. Dormitories. Muriel V. Cox, 90 Marlborough St., Boston 16, Mass.

L.I.M.—FASHION CAREERS

677 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, N.Y. Learn buying, advertising, fashion coordination, T.V., in N.Y.'s smartest section. 1 and 2-year courses. Paid store work. Graduates placed. Cat. V. Laboratory Institute of Merchandising

Write to the colleges or schools which interest you, mentioning VOGUE. Be sure to give proposed entrance date, age and grade at present, course you prefer.

Home Study

DRESS DESIGNING

Approved supervised home study training. Fine starting point for career. No classes. Text and work kit furnished. Low tuition & payments. Send for free booklet. National School of Dress Design, 835 Diversey Parkway, Dept. 115B, Chicago 14, Illinois.

INTERIOR DECORATION

Approved supervised home study training. Fine starting point for career. No classes. No wasted time. Text and work kit furnished. Diploma awarded. Send for free booklet. Chicago School of Interior Decoration, 835 Diversey Pkwy, Dept. 115B, Chicago 14, Ill.

Why Are You A Bore?

A noted publisher in Chicago reports there is a simple technique of everyday conversation which can pay you real dividends in both social and business advancement and works like magic to give you added poise, self-confidence and greater popularity.

According to this publisher, many people do not realize how much they could influence others simply by what they say and how they say it. Whether in business, at social functions, or even in casual conversations with new acquaintances, there are ways in which you can make a good impression every time you talk.

To acquaint the readers of this publication with the easy-to-follow rules for developing skill in everyday conversation, the publishers have printed full details of their interesting self-training method in a new book, "Adventures in Conversation," which will be mailed free to anyone who requests it. No obligation. Simply send your request to: Conversation Studies, 835 Diversey Parkway, Dept. 115B, Chicago 14, Ill. A postcard will do.

(Advertisement)

VOGUE PATTERNS

(Continued from pages 98-101, other views, yardages, details)



1252

5917

Above, left: Coat and one-piece dress. Vogue International Couturier Design 1252. Sizes 10-18. Size 14 dress requires 2 $\frac{5}{8}$ yds. of 45" fabric without nap. Coat: 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ yds. 54" fabric without nap. \$3. In Canada, \$3.30. Above, right: Skirt and overblouse (sleeveless version included). Vogue Pattern 5917, "Easy to Make": 12-40. For size 14: 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ yds. of 54" fabric without nap. \$1.50. In Canada, \$1.65.



1258

5945

Above, left: One-piece dress (pattern includes jacket). Vogue Pattern 1258: 10-18. Size 14 dress, 2 $\frac{5}{8}$ yds. of 45" fabric without nap. Designed by Jacques Heim. \$3. In Canada, \$3.30. Above, right: Suit (pattern includes sleeveless overblouse). Vogue Pattern 5945. Sizes 10-18. For size 14, suit requires 2 $\frac{5}{8}$ yds. of 54" fabric without nap. Price: \$2. In Canada, \$2.20.

VOGUE PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT IMPORTANT SHOPS IN EVERY CITY OR BY MAIL FROM VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE, P. O. BOX 549, ALTOONA, PENNA. AND IN CANADA, AT P. O. BOX 4042, TERMINAL A, TORONTO 1, ONTARIO. FOR FIRST CLASS MAIL, PLEASE ADD 10¢ FOR EACH PATTERN ORDERED. NOTE: CALIFORNIA AND PENNSYLVANIA RESIDENTS PLEASE ADD SALES TAX.

"FASHION WHEREABOUTS IN VOGUE"

"WHERE YOU CAN BUY"

A "Where You Can Buy" Service for Interested Readers.
To find the store nearest you, look for the
advertised merchandise showing this symbol.



1st: Note the VOGUE issue date, page number, name of advertiser.

2nd: Call telephone number in listed city nearest you (stores for many miles around cities are listed with operators).

3rd: Give operator issue date, page number and advertiser's name, she will tell you what stores in your area have the advertised merchandise.

Note: Only advertisements showing phone symbol are listed.
FASHION WHEREABOUTS in VOGUE will answer
your call 7 days a week, 24 hours a day.

DIAL THE NUMBER IN YOUR AREA

STATE	telephone	STATE	telephone
Alabama		Minnesota	
Birmingham	879-0131	Minneapolis-	
Mobile	433-8196	St. Paul	332-1890
Arizona		Missouri	
Phoenix	279-1370	Kansas City	LO 1-0013
Arkansas		St. Louis	CE 1-2514
Little Rock	FR 5-5494	Nebraska	
California		Lincoln	432-1336
Los Angeles	651-4612	New Jersey	
San Diego	239-4516	Newark	642-4967
San Francisco	GA 1-7191	New York	
Colorado		Albany	463-4690
Denver	244-3136	Buffalo	854-4055
Connecticut		New York City	LT 1-3879
Bridgeport, Norwalk, Stamford		Garden City, L. I.	PI 6-4144
see New York, White Plains		White Plains	WH 9-9111
Hartford	247-7229	includes Bridgeport, Norwalk,	
includes Springfield, Mass.		Stamford, Conn.	
includes New Haven		Rochester	CH 4-0400
Delaware		Ohio	
Wilmington see Philadelphia		Columbus	221-3544
District of Columbia		Cincinnati	621-3375
Washington...District	7-8668	includes Dayton	
Florida		Cleveland	781-5148
Jacksonville	356-4401	Oklahoma	
Miami	377-2977	Oklahoma City	CE 5-4286
Georgia		Tulsa	Luther 4-2786
Atlanta	233-0885	Oregon	
Hawaii		Portland	222-5393
Honolulu	571-063	Pennsylvania	
Illinois		Harrisburg	CE 3-7242
Chicago	236-3580	Philadelphia	LO 7-1200
includes Gary, Indiana		includes Wilmington, Delaware	
Hammond, Indiana		Pittsburgh	471-6166
Indiana		Rhode Island	
Indianapolis	Melrose 6-6883	Providence	421-9760
Gary, Hammond see Chicago		includes Fall River, Mass.	
Iowa		Tennessee	
Des Moines	243-8758	Memphis	327-4424
Kentucky		Nashville	256-5518
Louisville	584-7998	Texas	
Louisiana		Austin	GR 2-0254
New Orleans	525-7866	Dallas	RI 7-4108
Maryland		includes Fort Worth	
Baltimore	PL 2-3914	Houston	CA 8-1967
Massachusetts		Utah	
Boston	HA 6-1550	Salt Lake City	364-3441
Fall River see Providence, R. I.		Virginia	
Springfield see Hartford, Conn.		Richmond	644-8832
Michigan		Washington	
Detroit	961-7116	Seattle	MU 2-1292

THE TURBAN—

Betmar puts a new twist in the turban and comes up with the look of the season. So soft, so feminine, so beguiling! In crushable velvet, about \$10.

Betmar

Betmar

At fine stores everywhere or write...

BETMAR HATS, INC.
1040 Ave. of Americas, New York 18.

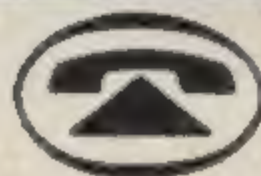
Handkerchief of the Month*

**YOU'LL ATTRACT
MORE THAN
BUTTERFLIES . . .**

when you flaunt a flower-strewn hankie from Burmel's colorful July collection. The delicate cotton batiste says you're fresh and cool as a snowflake. The exquisite Swiss embroidery, scalloped hems, and fine taped borders all say you're a lady of taste. (And there is a summer butterfly floating on each of these pretty hankies!) For fashion at your fingertips, look for the Burmel label in the nicest stores you know.

Burmel New York

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.



Hate that gray? Wash it away!

Now! Color only the gray

without changing your natural hair color!



*Makes your husband
feel younger, too...
just to look at you!*

Gray hair, even when it's premature, says you're older than you are! So if you hate that gray, wash it away with Loving Care Hair Color Lotion by Clairol. Gently, so skillfully does Loving Care wash in the young color that your own shade appears unchanged. But you're rid of gray! And all anyone sees is that you look so much prettier, younger, after the very first wash. It's that natural looking. No big decisions

about shades. Loving Care comes in ten colors—from deepest black-brown to pale shining blonde. You choose the tone most like your own. About once a month, to keep gray away, just wash your hair with Loving Care. Won't rub off, won't brush off. Leaves your hair in better condition than ever. Not a tint . . . better than a rinse . . . hairdressers agree it's a fountain of youth for graying hair.

© Clairol Inc. 1963

Loving Care® Hair Color Lotion by CLAIROL





BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING... THROUGH CHEMISTRY



ALL SEPARATES: 65% "DACRON"* POLYESTER, 35% "AVRIL"† RAYON.

DU PONT RECOMMENDS 65% OR MORE "DACRON" WITH RAYON.

LOVE WHAT "DACRON"® DOES FOR ME

The citified separates. Tailored just so, but not too much so. Crisp. Confident. Imperturbable, whether pleated or not. And the freshness is fathomless. All day. On through fall. Why? Because there's 65% "Dacron" in the blend. In charcoal, blue or cranberry checks: jacket, about \$18; skim-over, about \$12; pleated skirt, about \$15. In matching solids: shell, about \$10; slim skirt, about \$12. All in sizes 8 to 18. Prices slightly higher in the West. At Rich's, Atlanta; Hutzler's, Baltimore; Mabley & Carew, Cincinnati; The Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland; Bloomingdale's, New York and branches; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.; Gus Mayer, all stores. By **EVAN-PICONE**.

*DU PONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK. DU PONT MAKES FIBERS, NOT THE FABRICS OR SEPARATES SHOWN. HATS BY BETMAR. GLOVES OF DU PONT NYLON BY FOWNES. †TRADEMARK AMERICAN VISCOSE CORP.

URBANE, EASY, COMPOSED